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# The TATLER

Vol. CLXXV. No. 2278

*and* **BYSTANDER** London  
February 21, 1945



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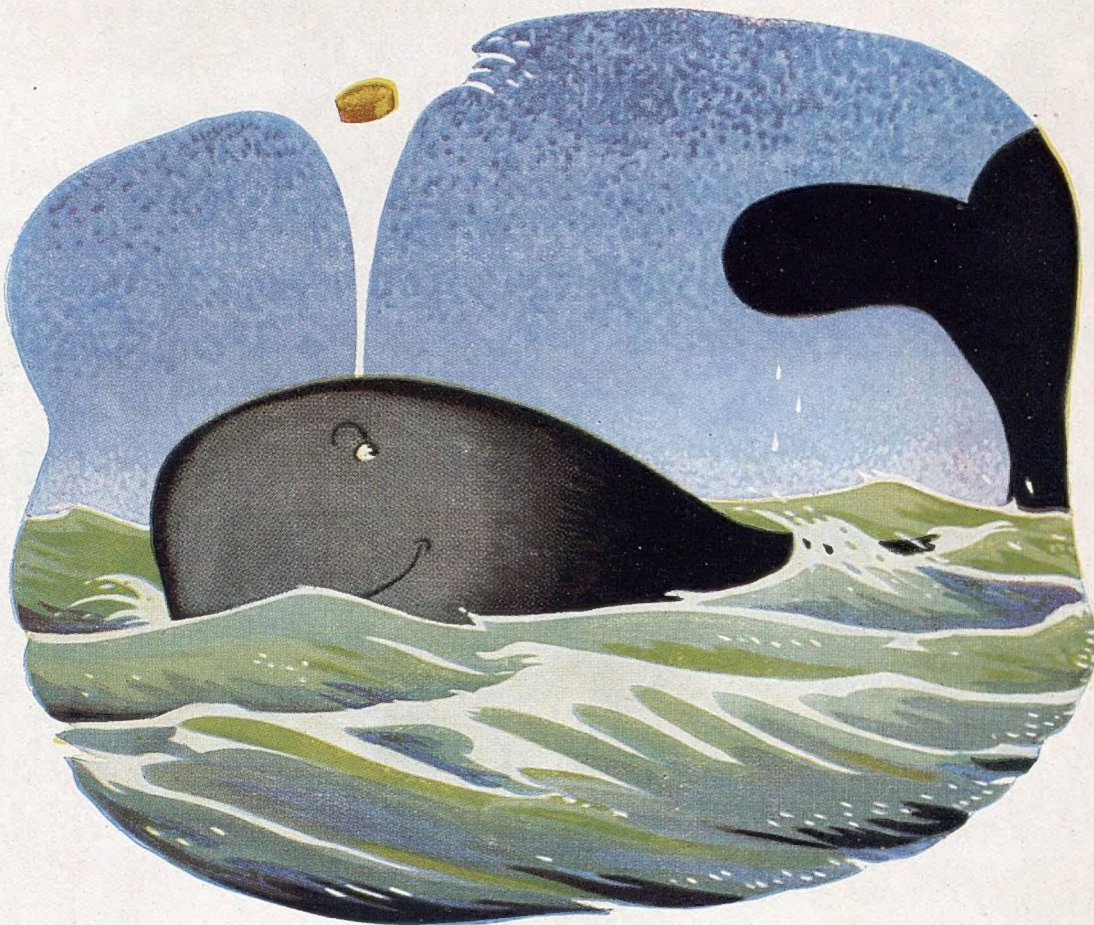
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# THE TATLER

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Marcus Adams

### Lady Alexandra Howard-Johnston and Her Children

The eldest daughter of the late Field-Marshal Earl Haig and the late Countess Haig, Lady Alexandra was married in 1941 to Captain Clarence Dinsmore Howard-Johnston, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N. Her son, James Douglas, was born in 1942, and her daughter, Xenia, is just two years younger. Her only brother, the present Earl Haig, a captain in the Royal Scots Greys, was taken prisoner in North Africa in the summer of 1942. He is laird of Bemersyde, in Berwickshire, and was trainbearer at the Coronation of King George VI. Captain Howard-Johnston is the son of the late Mr. Howard-Johnston and of Mme Breuil de St. Germain. Lady Alexandra has two sisters, Lady Victoria Montagu-Douglas-Scott and Lady Irene Haig





# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Spring!

By what appears to be general consent among those who ought to know, March is to be the vital month in the European war. Military, and political, events in that month may decide the fate of Germany; and I think that as the war clouds thicken over the Reich, political events might yet prove as important as military. Official support for the significance of March was surprisingly and frankly given by Mr. James R. Byrnes, America's Director of War Mobilization, on his arrival in Washington from Yalta ahead of President Roosevelt. He proclaimed that the Allies were preparing for military operations in March involving more men and material than has ever been used before. March is the month.

It was equally significant that Mr. Byrnes was careful to interpolate that the possibility of an early internal collapse in Germany had not been ignored by those attending the

the Germans to surrender, as the Nazis had anticipated, the three Leaders at the Crimea Conference decided to do the opposite. They issued a warning in place of an appeal.

It was to the effect that the longer the Germans resist, the heavier will be the cost of their defeat, for Nazism is doomed. I must confess that the words "Nazism is doomed" gave me something akin to a thrill when I read them. There was something salutary as well as confident in those three words. Indeed, the Declaration from beginning to end was most impressive. It was a document which will go down to history.

## Thorough

ONE aspect of the document showed how thorough had been the discussion, and the determination resulting from the deliberations, of the Leaders and their Chiefs of Staff. In one paragraph the Germans were told that all the plans had been made and agreed for

life. But the confusion seems to have been the greatest in the Propaganda Ministry, that section of the German Government which Hitler has always regarded as the most vital. Through his propaganda he was able to fool the people, deceive them, and mislead them. Until now he has been most successful. Goebbels has been the most apt pupil—or master, one cannot know which—and the Nazis have been able to keep the country going through all kinds of crises. There are indications, however, that at last the Propaganda Ministry is showing signs of strain. There is none of that freshness and alertness which characterized the daily tonic talks. A streak of hysteria is beginning to show itself, and where there was once subtlety there is now ferocity. Finally we are told that Goebbels has given up wearing his uniform. Instead, he wears a slouch hat and a muffler. Shadows of coming events! He must know that he is about to be among the unemployed.

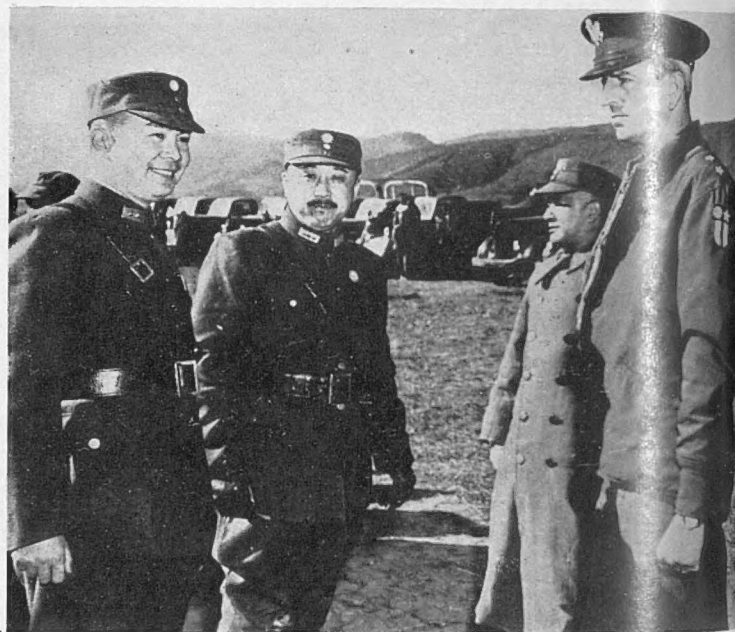
## Panic

GERMANS are crowding the roads. When one reads this sentence in the newspapers, one's mind goes back to the days when France was being overrun and refugees on the roads were being machine-gunned. So far there is no indication that the German people have been machine-gunned, but they are in panic. They are fleeing as quickly as they can before the advance of the Russians. In their flight



Commanding British Troops in Burma

Here is Major-General Francis Wogan Festing, D.S.O., Commander of the British 36th Division, standing in front of his liaison aeroplane with his American pilot. Son of Brigadier-General F. L. Festing, he is six foot five inches, and has previously served in France, Norway and Madagascar



Generals Meet in China

Arriving at an airstrip, South-West China, Major-General A. C. Wedemeyer was met by General Wei Li Huang, Commander-in-Chief the Chinese Expeditionary Force. Major-General Wedemeyer, formerly Deputy Chief of Staff, S.E.A.C., is U.S. Commander of the India-Burma Theatre

Crimea Conference. What he did not say was if this possible collapse is expected before the full weight of the additional men and materials is thrown into the battle. The Germans know what is coming to them, and after the words of confidence which have issued from the Crimea it is still possible that they may decide that the next step rests with them.

## Warning

THERE was no mention of the possible collapse in the Crimea Declaration, but in one respect Mr. Byrnes added importance to the words of the formal communique when he asserted the determination, unanimity and complete co-ordination of the scheduled military plans of the Allies. These schedules spell victory. Instead of issuing an appeal to

dealing with Germany in defeat, but these were to be kept secret until the right time. In the next paragraph the Germans were told sufficient to indicate that only those who have brought suffering on Germany and all Europe are to be eradicated. The German people are not to be punished. But Germany is going to be disarmed completely, the German General Staff will be smashed for all time, the Nazi Party will be wiped out, and industry which might have any military usefulness is to be controlled. To this extent the Germans are not being left very much in doubt.

## Ferocity

NEWS out of Germany in the last few weeks has indicated an increasing state of chaos in most of the administrative sections of national

they are surrendering their possessions, risking death by exposure and starvation. Their flight must mean the doom of Nazism. No form of government, not even the most efficient and the most tyrannical, can survive once the uncertainties of disintegration have begun to set in. And this is before there has been a co-ordinated offensive against Germany from east as well as west. Mr. Byrnes has told us, and the German people, that the big battle has yet to be launched. The power of the Nazis is being broken slowly but surely, and I suggest that this is happening before the heaviest and final blows have started to fall.

## Hopeless

THE Crimea Declaration robbed the Nazis of their one remaining hope, the one thing





Brigadier Morgan Morgan, who went to a recent investiture at Buckingham Palace, to receive the C.B.E. from the King, gave a lift to his grandson, Robert, on leaving after the ceremony



Accompanying Lieutenant-Colonel W. Robertson to the investiture was Mrs. D. K. Smart, wife of Lieutenant-General D. K. Smart, Australian Army Representative in the United Kingdom. Lieutenant-Colonel Robertson received the M.C.



Major-General H. K. Kippenberger received four decorations, the Order of the Bath, the C.B.E. and D.S.O. and Bar. He commanded the 5th New Zealand Infantry Brigade in North Africa, and lost both his feet at Cassino

### Three Officers Who Were Decorated a Short Time Ago by The King



#### Airborne Chief Opens an Exhibition

The exhibition of photographs of Arnhem and Nijmegen airborne operations was opened in London by Major-Gen. R. Urquhart, Commander of the British 1st Airborne Division. With him here is Signalman Herbert Butcher, who was in the thick of the fighting

on which they are said to have been basing their plans to continue a guerilla resistance in the Bavarian hills long after Berlin and most of Germany has been occupied. This was the belief that sooner or later there must be some dissension and division between the Allies, which might prove the opportunity for snatching a separate peace with one or other of the big Powers. There is not a vestige of a chance of that happening now. The Crimea Declaration sealed up all the holes, healed all the potential breaches, and produced agreement on some aspects of international politics where none was thought possible.

For instance, President Roosevelt has made a big gesture in associating the United States with Britain and Soviet Russia in the responsibility for the economic and political rehabili-

tation of the countries of Europe. There is to be no recurrence of the unhappy situation in Greece which found Britain alone in handling a difficult and disagreeable situation. More than this, President Roosevelt has actually, in advance of the Peace Conference, agreed to a frontier delimitation in respect of the Curzon Line in Poland. The fact that the United Nations are to meet at San Francisco on April 25th to discuss a new World Security Organization must be the last blow to any Nazi hopes. Marshal Stalin, President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill have produced a practical system of unity which works. It is based on understanding, friendship and goodwill, and not on the domination of one Power over the other two.

#### Unity

ONCE again M. Mikolajczyk is thrust into the limelight, which he dislikes so much, as the man most likely to bring about a Coalition Government in Poland to settle the differences among the major parties. It is not an enviable task. Poles take their politics most seriously, and, therefore, leadership of any party is not easy.

M. Mikolajczyk has been able to rest himself since he surrendered the premiership of the Polish Government in London some few months ago. This has done him an immense amount of good. From his retreat somewhere in the country outside London he has been able to watch the political scene, and to maintain those contacts which have been most necessary.

The general impression is that M. Mikolajczyk will return to Poland in the very near future, and with him will go those ministers who are prepared to coalesce with the Lublin Provisional Government. If a successful political fusion is made it will mean the end of the Polish Government in London and the Lublin Government. Allied recognition will be transferred to the new Government which will be set up in ruined Warsaw.

#### Hint

THAT San Francisco has been selected for what may yet be the preliminary Peace Conference has caused a lot of comment. The

belief is prevalent that President Roosevelt has at last persuaded Marshal Stalin to travel abroad, and, therefore, the Big Three will be in session once again in the next two months or so.

It would be surprising if this turned out to be true, although there is some logic in the arguments that sooner or later the Soviet Government must decide their policy towards Japan. Are they going to range themselves alongside the Allies to administer the final blows to the Prussians of Japan, or are they going to remain aloof?

The pundits in Washington believe that San Francisco would be as suitable a place as any for Marshal Stalin to declare his policy.



Gilbert Adams

#### R.N. Staff College Director

Captain Charles Thorburn Addis, D.S.O., R.N., now Director of the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, formerly commanded H.M.S. Sheffield, and was awarded the D.S.O. for his part in the action against the Scharnhorst



# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Poison In Jest

By James Agate

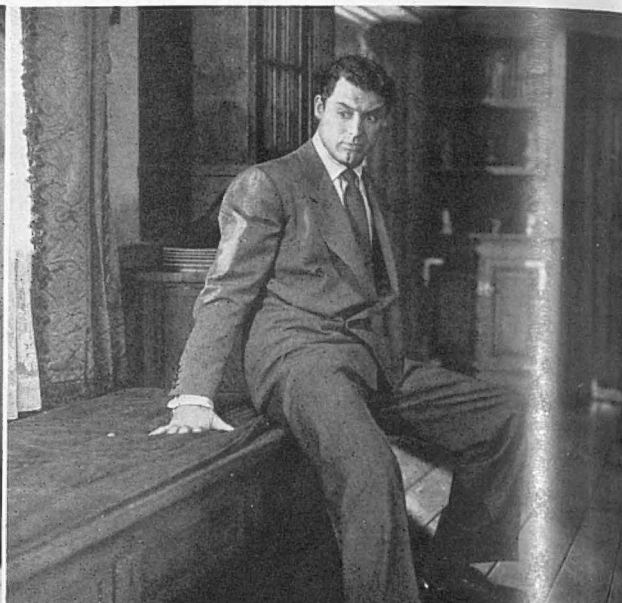
I AM very sorry and all that, but I am afraid I do not think that worms and graves and epitaphs, familiar funeral hymns, and Chopin's Funeral March make a good subject for joking. I know it's old-fashioned, but then I am old-fashioned. "Their terrors want dignity, their affrightments are without decorum," wrote Charles Lamb of the minor Elizabethan dramatists. And I feel the same

farce to think nobly of the soul. And, in a way they are right as to the vast majority of pleasure-seekers in this country as in America. For the pleasure-lover two things should be left in the cloakroom together with hat, coat and umbrella; these two things are the mind and the soul. For those disequipped in this manner I cannot conceive a better film than *Arsenic And Old Lace*. That I think it infinitely inferior to

the meanest picture of the Marx Brothers is not the point. The basis of Marxian humour is that it is as logical as a proposition of Euclid's if you were to stand that proposition on its head. Marxian humour is permeated everywhere with reason produced Euclideanly to absurdity. Whereas the basis of *A. and O.L.* is the abolition of reason. That I happen not to think the old ladies funny is not the fault of Josephine Hull or Jean Adair, who are very talented artists. But then I never got a smile out of the talented English actresses who played, and are still playing, the corresponding roles over here. I don't think John Alexander as Teddy "Roosevelt" Brewster funny; but then I never got a laugh out of the English actor in the part. On the other hand I remember being considerably amused by Naunton Wayne as the nephew and only sane character in the play; whereas Cary



Mortimer Brewster (Cary Grant) comes home on Hallowe'en with the great news that he has married the girl next door. His two aunts, Abby and Martha (Josephine Hull and Jean Adair) are delighted



Looking for notes on his new book mislaid in the excitement of his wedding, Mortimer opens up the old box window seat. Inside, he is horrified to discover a body of an old man

about Mr. Kesselring's stage play, *Arsenic And Old Lace*, now adapted for the screen (Warner).

BUT neither do I think that insanity is funny. Yes, dear reader, I know that in the age of which Lamb was writing, and for some time afterwards, insanity was considered a good joke and that people went on Sunday afternoons to look at madmen in the way we go to Regent's Park to see the monkeys. The greatest of all dramatists regarded lunacy as a tragedy—Ophelia is the example here. Fragility of mind, feebleness of intellect, witlessness, vacuity, the Aguecheeks and the Slenders—all these, yes. Feigned madness, as in Edgar's case, yes also. But Shakespeare saw no fun in the real thing which, with him, is always tragic, whether it afflict youth or age, Ophelia or Lear. One of the most pathetic utterances in the whole of Shakespeare is Lear's "O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! Keep me in temper: I would not be mad!" This dislike of madness as a comic subject is shown nowhere better than in *Twelfth Night* when Malvolio has his famous colloquy with the clown. "What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?" asks the clown, and Malvolio answers: "That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird." "What thinkest thou of his opinion?" goes on the clown, and Malvolio has his superb "I think nobly of the soul."

BUT it is not the business of American farce-writers and Hollywood's screen adapters of



Mortimer, feeling that he himself is half-crazed by now, has been to Happy Vale, a mental home, seeking to get an order of the court which will admit Teddy to the home. He feels that with Teddy certified as insane and in the home, the position of his aunts will be secure when the bodies are discovered



Grant seemed to me the other morning to be six feet of what Mr. Polly called "Urgent Loogoobuosity." Certainly the best acting in the film came from Raymond Massey and Peter Lorre as the mad gangster and his madder accomplice, both of them retaining something of the horror in that masterpiece of Grand Guignol, *Le Système de Professeur Plume et Dr. Goudron*.

BUT, I repeat, my opinions on this film are valueless. The play has up to the present enjoyed in this country a run of close on nine hundred performances. Given that the house has been full at every performance this would mean that it has been seen by round about a million people in two years. Whereas I suppose at least five or six millions will be seeing this picture within the next two weeks! *Magna est cinema, et praevalabit.*

THE new Deanna Durbin film at the Leicester Square is entitled *Can't Help Singing*. This is just not true. D.D. can and does help singing. By my calculation she has seven songs; allowing three minutes for each makes a total of twenty-one minutes and the film runs for ninety minutes. Subtract twenty-one from ninety and the result is sixty-nine minutes of the most appalling, flat twaddle I have ever endured. All round me were a number of negro airmen, who, being children of the South and, therefore, easily entertained, should surely have responded. They were not amused. On the other hand, the whites in the audience laughed a great deal, and it cannot be assumed that they were all nursemaids and pantry-boys. There was a time when D.D. used to keep still while singing; now she wanders through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier—indeed she falls into the first of these—

down staircases, behind columns and fountains spouting some nauseating cherry-coloured liquid. And she sings and she sings, always with the same vocal intonation. Always, too, with the same facial inexpressiveness, rendered by Technicolour in terms of lightly baked gingerbread. And, of course, always the same melodic line meandering level, whatever Macaulay may say, with Jerome Kern's commonplace fount. Incidentally, I think D.D. would be well advised to stop meandering with Red Indians in the neighbourhood of the Grand Canyon, and get back to that story of the Voice which, discovered one evening by a millionaire connoisseur, appears the following evening at the Metropolitan Opera House as the Queen of Night, exercising such magic upon her audience that she is able to marry the second flautist.

## Murder On The Grand Scale

Are Twenty-four Victims a Record? A Full Measure of Corpses and Comedy in "Arsenic and Old Lace"



There is a further shock for Mortimer when he discovers that his aunts have been systematically murdering lonely old men. He warns their next would-be tenant of what is in store for him



Into the Brewster home, after twenty years' absence, walk brother Jonathan (Raymond Massey) and his sinister friend (Peter Lorre). They find Teddy, another brother (John Alexander), masquerading as Teddy Roosevelt



Jonathan and his friend are running from the police. They have the body of a murdered man in their car and are not pleased when they are interrupted by the arrival of Mortimer's bride (Priscilla Lane)



Jonathan decides that his next victim shall be Mortimer. He and his friend prepare Mortimer for the slow torture which precedes death



Jonathan's plans are upset by the arrival of the police who have traced his car to the Brewster home. The police are told of the bodies in the cellar, but refuse to take them seriously



The Superintendent of Happy Vale (Edward Everett Horton) arrives to collect Teddy. The two aunts insist on accompanying their brother and all ends well for Mortimer when his "aunts" tell him he is no blood relation of the Brewster family



# The Theatre

"Emma" (St. James's)

By Horace Horsnell

IT would be interesting to know what Miss Austen herself would have made of this resplendent dramatization of her famous novel. Her public comment might have been modest, deprecating the enlargement of that little strip of ivory on which she stippled her fascinating studies of nubility. Her private opinion, confided to her sister Cassandra, would have been, I feel, more positively

the book's indisputable heroine. The story's outstanding incidents, while largely of her contriving, happen to others. And in this staged version minor characters tend to usurp without justifying a major interest.

THE inevitable liberties taken by the dramatist in manipulating time and space may not seriously dislocate the plot, but they do deprive it of much of Miss Austen's inimitable humour and irony, which are literary rather than dramatic, and her book's chief charm. Moreover, the telescoping of the action, and its confinement to the same scene throughout, entails such flourishes of entrances and exits, such bowings and curtsies as to suggest to the irreverent a school of deportment doing its exercises at the double.

Such of the book's characters as can be dispensed with are omitted, and others that are theatrically effective rather than narratively important are emphasized. Thus, two of the ladies, egregious Mrs. Elton, and twittering Miss Bates, are acted with such downright comedy as to put other characters in the shade. Miss Ambrosine Phillpotts as Mrs. Elton lifts each scene in which she appears, and Miss Gillian Lind does not scamp the unconscionable prattle of Miss Bates.

THE translation of Mr. Woodhouse from the novel to the stage gives that thorough valetudinarian too robust a role, and deprives him and us of the company of those attentive widows, Mrs.

Goddard and Mrs. Bates, when Emma is socially occupied elsewhere. Mr. Knightly is admirably represented by Mr. Frank Allenby, and Miss Terry Randal does well as the little blonde nincompoop, Harriet Smith, whose propensity for mistaking shadow for substance is as marked as Emma's own.

As his previous productions—*An Ideal Husband* and *The Glass Slipper*—show, Mr. Robert Donat is no niggard. *Emma* has every advantage that scenery and costumes can give. But Jane Austen was a miniaturist of genius, as scrupulous an artist in her own way as Mozart,



Mr. Knightly declares—at last—his love for Emma (Frank Allenby, Anna Neagle)

satirical. She would have appreciated the furnishing and decoration of the Hartfield drawing-room which is extremely elegant, and the costumes of the ladies. What she might have thought of the characters themselves and their activities is less readily surmised.

The play is described as "presenting Anna Neagle in Jane Austen's *Emma*," and this charming young actress, who has represented no less illustrious a personage than Queen Victoria, does not boggle over so differently formidable a role as that of Emma Woodhouse. Picturesquely gowned and pretty as the heroine of a Christmas Number, she does not lack confidence, but she hardly encompasses Emma. This is possibly not her fault; nor will this ingenious dramatization of the book satisfy Miss Austen's true admirers, or placate the Janeites. For it is dull.

The stage picture is a beauty, and happily reproduces the elegance of the period; but the story does not move with steady cumulative progress from start to climax, nor does Emma dominate it as a heroine should, but is reduced by the exigencies of stage adaptation to ringing somewhat tedious changes on Emma's unfortunate propensity for match-making. She is



Serle, the butler at Hartfield House, serves half a glass of Madeira to Mr. Woodhouse and his guest, Mr. Weston (H. R. Hignett, Graveley Edwards and Cecil Ramage)

and the theatre canvas calls for bold effects and abhors stipplings. *Emma*, too, is not sensational. Its fame as a novel is due to other virtues rarer and more lasting. And while this sumptuously pictorial projection may not swell the ranks of the Janeites, it will have served a purpose in leading the unconverted to the book, where they may discover for themselves what all this Janeite fervour is about, and what the theatre can and cannot do with a medium alien to its own.



Grey Blake as Frank Churchill, Margaret Vines as Jane Fairfax, Wynne Clark as Mrs. Weston, Ambrosine Phillpotts as Mrs. Elton, Gillian Lind as Miss Bates, Terry Randal as Harriet Smith, George Thirwell as Mr. Elton





## Good Companions

John Mills and His Playwright Wife

Mary Hayley Bell, in private life Mrs. John Mills, has just written a new play in which her husband is to star. The play is in rehearsal now and is expected in the West End in the near future. Called *Duet for Two Hands*, it is set in the Orkneys in the early part of the century, a very different setting from that chosen for Mary Hayley Bell's last play, *Men in Shadow*, which found its inspiration in this present war and the Underground Resistance Movement of France. The picture of Mr. and Mrs. John Mills reproduced above was taken at a North Country airfield where John Mills was on location working on the new Two Cities film, *Rendezvous*, in which he appears as Pilot Officer Peter Penrose under Anthony Asquith's direction



# On and Off Duty

## A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

### Wedding

**G**UESTS at the early spring wedding of the Hon. Patricia White, daughter of Lord and Lady Annaly, which took place in the unusual and romantic setting of the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, by special permission of His Majesty, were disappointed not to see the Queen and the two Princesses at the ceremony, for word had gone round beforehand that they were expected. In the morning, however, Her Majesty decided that, in view of Princess Elizabeth's cold (which later developed into mumps), it would be wiser not to go out.

Two days earlier the Queen made her first appearance in public for some time in London at the Kitchen Planning Exhibition, and revealed that the recent cold spell had been much felt at Buckingham Palace, where self-imposed fuel rationing has been the rule for a very long time past. Her Majesty does not, of course, find time to pay frequent visits to her own kitchens at the Palace, but she takes a very personal interest in all that goes on "below stairs," and Royal servants of to-day owe many little comforts and conveniences to the Queen's thoughtfulness for others and her big practical knowledge of everyday matters.

At the Palace, the King has been spending busy days receiving a variety of official and private visitors, ranging from the new Archbishop of Canterbury, who came to do homage on his appointment, to Admiral Harold Stark, that "great little sailor," as his countrymen in the United States call him, who came to the Palace to receive from the King the insignia of an honorary Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the British Empire. With both these men, representing such widely different interests and activities, the King had long talks. Another visitor of special interest to His Majesty was Mr. W. J. Haley, the Director-General of the B.B.C., for the King is a keen listener to the wireless and has decided views of his own on the merits of various rival items and programmes.

### Beside the Sea

**T**HE Duchess of Kent's decision to send her three children, the nine-year-old Duke, still better known as Prince Edward, eight-year-old

Princess Alexandra, and their little brother, Prince Michael, to the Sussex coast for a short holiday of recuperation follows on a series of more or less severe colds from which all of them have been suffering. The Duke, who is a very strong and healthy boy, was the least affected, but his mother thought it was as well for him to take advantage of an early spring stay by the sea. Bognor Regis, where the Kent children are staying, is well used to Royal visitors, for it was there that King George V. spent the long

months of convalescence after his serious illness in 1928-29.

### Steeplechasing

**A**FTER three postponements, Royal Windsor Racecourse opened its Jump season with a stupendous programme—eleven races in one afternoon and just over five hours' racing, caused by the very large number of entries. One race was divided into four divisions and two other races were run in two divisions; even so the fields were big, varying from ten to twenty-four runners. The weather lived up to the occasion and put on a varied programme, starting with glorious sunshine, which led up to a heavy shower of rain, then a hailstorm of gigantic hailstones just as the horses were cantering down to the starting-gate for the ninth race, then thunder and lightning, and finally a fall of snow.

There was a big crowd, who were lucky in cheering home six favourites during the afternoon. Major "Jaky" Astor, one of Lord

(Continued on page 234)



The Hon. Mrs. Tufton was with Lady Broughton, mother of Lady Lovat



Miss Inga Anderson went racing with Capt. Michael Bankier and Mrs. Thackeray



Major J. H. D. Wigham with Capt. and Mrs. Michael Robinson



Colonel Cecil, Irish Guards, and Mrs. Pim



The Hon. Rupert Watson, Lord Manton's son, with Mrs. B. Rootes





*Taking the first fence in the  
Old Windsor Novices' Steeplechase*

## After Five Years

The First National Hunt Meeting at Windsor



*Over the last fence in the  
Herne the Hunter Steeplechase*



*Capt. B. G. Rootes was talking to Lady Sykes,  
whose husband owns the famous 'Sledmere Stud'*



*Lord Stavordale, enjoying a day off, was  
with Princess Romanovsky-Pavlovsky*



*Col. Mark Sykes and Capt.  
Wingate, inspector of jumps*



*Major Reggie Pratt, Col. Hensman,  
Mrs. Reggie Pratt and Miss Boylan*



# On and Off Duty

(Continued)

and Lady Astor's sons, who is now in an Airborne division, had two winners during the afternoon, and was there to see both his horses, Chaka and Go-Er, start favourite and win their races. Major "Jonnie" Hislop, who is also Airborne now and was dropped with our men at Arnhem, was another to arrive in one of those now famous red berets; he later changed his uniform for Lt.-Col. "Babe" Moseley's racing colours and rode Prudent Achtoi for him in the February Handicap Steeplechase. This race was won by Lord Stalbridge's Red Rower, which started at the amazingly long price of 20 to 1 on the books, and paid £11 6s. 9d. for two shillings on the Tote.

## Racegoers

MISS DOROTHY PAGET, who supports steeple-chasing as well as she does flat racing, arrived in time to see her horses Flagstaff and Prince Florimonde win their races. Capt. the Hon. Anthony Mildmay, a keen amateur rider in pre-war days, acted as one of the



## Lt. A. C. Garton Marries Miss Lockett de Loayza

Swabe

Lt. Anthony Charles Garton, Grenadier Guards, younger son of the late Mr. C. Leslie Garton and Mrs. Garton, married Miss I. M. H. (Anita) Lockett de Loayza, only daughter of the late Mr. Garstang Bradstock Lockett and Mrs. Lockett, of Hereford House, Park Lane, W., at St. James's, Spanish Place. Mr. Charles Garton was best man, and Miss Iris de Loayza was maid of honour. The bridesmaids were Miss Bronwyn Williams Wynn, Miss Eleanor Boyle, Miss Leonora Rochford and Miss Sylvia Gater



Lady Trenchard and the Earl of Gowrie, V.C., were both at the most recent reception of the Allies Welcome Committee, at which Viscount Cranborne was guest of honour. Lord Gowrie was recently appointed Governor of Windsor Castle



Lady Freyberg, wife of Gen. Sir Bernard Freyberg, V.C., was talking to Lady Portal, wife of Air Chief-Marshal Sir Charles Portal. Lady Freyberg works very hard for the New Zealand forces in Britain



## The Allies Welcome Committee Entertains in London: Four Snapshots

Mme. Classen, wife of the Luxemburg Minister in London, was talking to Princess Elizabeth and Princess Marie-Adelaide, daughters of the Grand Duchess of Luxemburg. The guests were received by Sir Jocelyn Lucas, chairman of the committee, and Lady Dorothy Hope-Morley

Two diplomatic guests at the reception were Baron de Cartier de Marchienne, the Belgian Ambassador, and Mme. Massigli, wife of M. René Massigli, who became French Ambassador in London last September





Mrs. Jocelyn Hambro and Major Gerard Leigh dined together. She was Sylvia Muir, and her husband is in the Coldstream Guards



Mr. Desmond Lysaght, Lady Smiley and her brother-in-law, Major David Smiley, were three in a cheerful party



Three sportsmen dining out were Capt. Hector Gordon and Capt. J. E. Bissell, both well-known G.R.s, and Major Goldsmith, the trainer



Major Sir Peter Grant Lawson, Royal Horse Guards, was entertaining his wife. He recently returned to England from abroad



Col. and Mrs. J. Redmayne occupied a table for four with Capt. and Mrs. Minton Beddoes



Countess Cadogan boldly faced the camera, Lt. John Smiley looked modestly down and Mrs. John Holcroft turned her head away

#### Restaurant Roundabout: Caught by the Camera After Dark

Photographs at Bagatelle and Mirabell by Swaebe

stewards during the afternoon; he arrived accompanied by Lady Sykes, Mrs. Robin Wilson and the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Strutt. Capt. McMay went out to Normandy with his regiment, the Welsh Guards, last summer, and has just arrived home to go on a course. Brig. Lord Lovat was accompanied by Lady Lovat; he was looking very fit and well and in great form after his recent interesting visit to Russia. Major "Fruity" Metcalfe was chatting to Lord Stavordale and Lady Weymouth; Major Tom Blackwell, in mufti, was in tremendous form and delighted to be able to fit a day's racing into his seven days' leave from B.L.A.; and Capt. Michael Bankier, another on leave, but from Italy, was watching the racing with Miss Inga Anderson. His attractive sister, Mrs. Thackeray, his mother, Mrs. Bankier, and his aunt, the Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Hastings, were also there. Prince Vsevolode of Russia arrived with his wife, Princess Romanovsky-Pavlovsky, and Miss "Boo" Brand was accompanied by Capt. Ian Henderson, to whom she was married on Saturday last.

Roddick, Mrs. Pat Curtis, Brig. Tom Draffen, Mrs. Kaye, Colonel Mark Sykes, Mrs. Peter Herbert, Lady Jean Christie, Capt. and Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke, Miss Monica Sheriffe, Lady Petre, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Lawrence, Lt.-Col. Moseley, Major Tubby Martyr, Mrs. Noel Carlyle, Capt. Rory More-O'Ferrall and his brother Frankie, Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, Major and Mrs. Geoffrey Harbord, Major Harry Misa, Mrs. John Thomson and her sister, Mrs. Cyril Douglas-Pennant; Mr. Teddy Lambton, Mrs. Pat Grey, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Pat Stewart, Capt. Philip Dunne and Mrs. Keith

Cameron, who did not run her good horse Schubert.

#### Debutante Dance

THERE is very little private entertaining these days, the staff and food difficulties being too complicated, so everyone was delighted at the enterprising spirit of Mr. and Mrs. Claud Hulbert in giving a "coming out" dance for their elder daughter, Jill, on her eighteenth birthday at their home in Sydney Place. It was a very gay party, with an excellent band and a super stand-up "fork" supper. During the

(Concluded on page 248)

#### More Spectators

MAJOR HENRY BROUGHTON and Mrs. Ward saw the racing from two of the comfortable chairs high in the stand out of the wind; the Duke of Norfolk was watching the saddling in the paddock; Lady Mordaunt, who one hasn't seen racing for a long time, was also in the paddock, greeting friends; Lady Jane Nelson and Mrs. Dennis Russell, with her small daughter Sarah, were also in the paddock. Major and the Hon. Mrs. Morgan-Jones had brought their small son to see his father's horse, Flight Commander, run; Major and Mrs. Carlos Clark were accompanied by her elder son, Michael de Pret; who is now at an O.C.T.U., and Major Clark's only daughter, Mrs. Fulke Walwyn, who was hobbling about on a stick with her hip in plaster of Paris, the result of a bad fall while riding with her husband's string recently. Capt. Walwyn had a successful afternoon, saddling a winner, and a second, for his patron, Mrs. Colmore.

Amongst others I saw in this big crowd were the Hon. Richard Stanley, Brig. and Mrs. Mark



Lt. and the Hon. Mrs. King

Lt. James Osborne King, R.N.V.R., son of the late Mr. James King and Mrs. King, and the Hon. Elizabeth Patricia White, daughter of Lord and Lady Annaly, were married at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace (by permission of the King)



Capt. and Mrs. J. W. Banks

Capt. John Wynne Banks, 14/20th King's Hussars, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Wynne Banks, married Mrs. Althea Baxendale, widow of Lt. J. A. F. Baxendale, and youngest daughter of Sir Dykes and Lady Spicer, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

HAVING tipped our best Lock beaver to that hero who drove the recent Liberal Party Assembly into a frenzy of cannibal rage by declaring that he for one had had a bellyful of planning, we paced soberly along to Harley Street in your behalf.

An eminent psychiatrist there assured us that the reason so many pedants, prigs, and maiden aunts of all three sexes are now engaged in planning your future from cradle to grave is not, as we supposed, because it is a fertility-rite. Cricket, the Spring Corn-Dance of the Objibway Nation, philately, and the Fourth of June are fertility-rites, he said; the Planning-Urge is due to frustration. He looked up Freud and quoted the case of a Mme. F——, who kept planning the existence of a Herr G——, of Vienna. Freud questioned her very simply.

"What do you chiefly dream about?"

"Ladders."

Here a very shy young Viennese psychiatrist started violently, blushed, and left the room, saying the groceries had arrived, he thought.

"Do you ever dream about Herr G—— as well?"

"Often! Lovely, lovely dreams! I dream he spurns my love and I am very sad then I take a big saw and saw him into eighteen equal pieces and I am Oh! so happy, so happy."

"Then you wake up and begin planning his existence?"

"Every minute of it, the magnetic swine."

The clear treatment for this inhibition-release was to give Mme. F—— a saw and let her saw Herr G—— up right away. This was done and she recovered from her planning-urge, which was due to unbalanced thyroid and frustration-hysteria. They said to Freud: "And your conclusion, Master?" He said: "Love is the sweet mystery of Life. Get me a cab."

How simple, yet (when you look round at the planners) how obvious.

## Gift

ITALIAN women have been given the vote, like those fascinating little actresses you hear lunching at the Ivy (the late Baldwin Government is said by its enemies to bear the responsibility for that gift). Before long the only girls in Europe without a vote will be Eskimos. Little you worry over Eskimo girls, no doubt. Perhaps you've never considered that it may affect you personally?

North and South Greenland, a chap in close touch tells us, each has a council or *Landsraad* of a dozen members; nothing very interesting, just the broad, brown, flat, sullen, rather greasy pans Eskimo girls are used to. Once Greenland's sweethearts become what we sociologists call Politically Conscious, like the little actresses above,



"The bank tries as far as possible these days, Sir, to keep everything in duplicate"

and get the vote, what will happen? They will take a sudden interest in the Parliament or *Folketing* of the Danish Motherland, consisting of some 150 blue-eyed, fair-haired, clean, upstanding Nordics, some with gold-rimmed pince-nez. The next stage is what we sociologists call Girlish Fever to Return Handsomest Candidate which, in Great Britain, has resulted in the election of the most attractive bunch of incorruptible slouches ever collected in one time and place.

For Greenland this fever will spell hell in the old igloo, girls harpooned right and left, and, consequently, a serious drop in the annual whale-oil and blubber exports, which affects everybody. You see?

## Rap

ONLY the natural good-breeding of the untutored Celtic peasant hinders us from saying what we think of an unspeakable cretin who was recently implying that "backward" rural newspapers should be jazzed up to popular Fleet Street standard, meaning presumably that of a third-rate imitation of a fourth-rate New York tabloid.

Reticence and dignity, thank Heaven, are the hallmarks of the Hick Belt Press. Otherwise we could make our "Social and Personal" columns more spicy than the *Daily Snoop's*. E.g.:

Mrs. O. Mangles is moving next week from Rose Cottage to Lilac Lane with a hem ornerly ole bump on the head, inflicted by a local well-wisher.

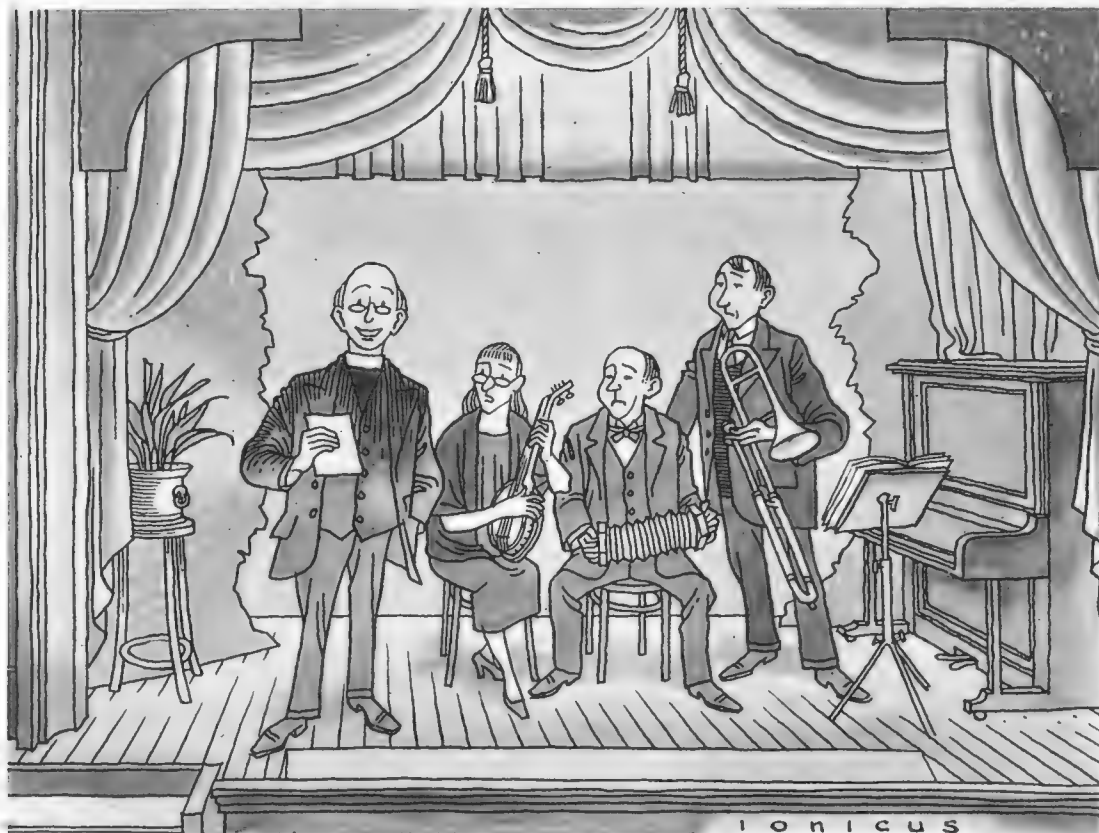
Mr. Turmutts' three surviving wives took tea with him at Muckways Farm on Sunday and could be heard five miles.

Mrs. Gumble's Rosie was clouted again by an unknown soldier on Friday evening, and serve her right.

Another "all-in" curse was put by Granny Wockitt of Much Burping on George Rubbidge of Honeysuckle Lane, but he only broke a leg.

Shooting at Mrs. H. Mouldwarp, Mr. R. Wadge of Upchuck Farm fell

(Concluded on page 238)



"And now Haydn's Trio in G Major for piano, violin and 'cello, played to-night—in the absence of the Torquski Trio—by three members of our guild"



# The Whaddon Chase

Meets in Buckinghamshire



Major H. T. Morton, M.F.H.



Dickins, the Terrier Man

## The Meet at Coddimore Cross-Roads

● The Whaddon Chase met recently at Coddimore Cross-roads, on the Buckingham-Bletchley Road. Major H. T. Morton took over the Mastership of this famous pack from the Earl of Rosebery in 1940. Sir Richard Cruise, the well-known oculist, is seen below on Mount Royal, champion hunter at Olympia in 1939



Going Off to Draw Another Covert



Sir Richard Cruise on Mount Royal



Mary Scott-Brown on Her Dartmoor Pony, Hovis



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

off a hayrick with fatal results. Highly respected by all who knew him slightly.

The anonymous-letter season opened in King's Snoring last week, when several stinkers were received by local residents, including the Rector and Maj.-Gen. H. J. Rump, C.B. Miss Yaffle of Wistaria Lodge is suspected again this year.

An interesting marriage except to local people took place at Burping Magna, when Miss Emily Gowler married Mr. T. Nupwick owing to threats by the bride's family.

Cheap, sensational, yet still (you observe) true. That's our principal handicap in the rural areas. We don't want the news, we want to know what actually happened.

## Soso

IF we were a classical don we'd enjoy the one and only thrill of a mousy life by taking ship for Greece forthwith and having our weazand cut by one of those ramping Communist thugs, who seem largely to be named Socrates, Aristotle, or Plato.

Such tremendous names must be a handicap at times, as the late statesman Briand discovered probably when his parents named him after Aristides the Just and he was run in by the *police des mœurs* early in his career. But to the girls, we guess, Socrates and Aristotle of E.L.A.S. are just Soso and Toto, and for all we know their greater predecessors were as well. It would rob the big boys of a great deal of the terror they inspire in the young if schoolmasters admitted this. All the Socratic Dialogues were written down for publication, after all, and in reality there

must have been a far more matey atmosphere when Socrates met a girl chum in the Agora.

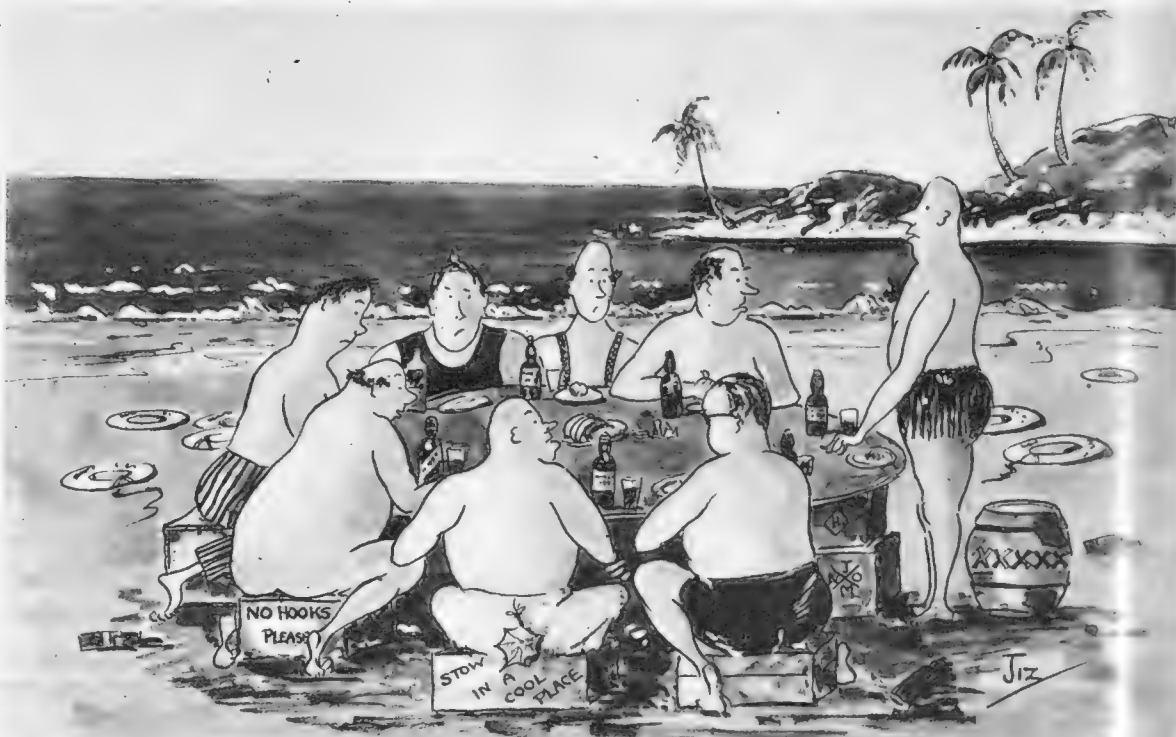
"Hello there, Soso!"

"Why, hello, Baby!"

One would think the ancient Greeks never relaxed. Did Aspasia always cry "O Pericles!"? "Hey, Perry!" or even "Hey, you!" rang far oftener through those marble halls, we dare aver. What

overbearing aquiline pan turns grey. Faughaughton! Gatherwick! Oh, I say, good Heavens! Dadsworthy! Rapson! Joe! Boy! Miss Whatsyourname! Wilbraham! Stinker! Run! Run!

Sometimes Auntie in her misery would gash herself hysterically with penknives, like a priestess of Baal, if these were not removed at once by order. Also her garters, staylaces, and suspenders. Auntie's garters are of pink ruched silk, a present from



"There will be another directors' luncheon next Wednesday, and dress will again be optional"

classical dons need is to get around and meet more people. Unfortunately people won't co-operate.

## Ordeal

A long and vexing poem by a retired Headmaster which appeared in the *Times* the other day gave us a pang of sincere sympathy for Auntie, one of whose bitterest trials is the poetry she is compelled to print.

It is an unfortunate fact that no sooner do Judges, Headmasters, Ambassadors, Bishops, Ministers of the Crown, Admirals, and other big boys retire from public life than they start scribbling poetry.

Sometimes it is nothing worse than a frightful translation of an Horatian ode or two. More often, alas, it is Original Verse. The Muse has arrived. *Sonnez, clairs! Chantez, coucous!*

Nothing can stop the big boys then from posting the result forthwith to Auntie, who naturally can't turn it down. A ghastly expression comes over Auntie and her

Moscow. Eh? What, us? Indelicate? Oh, dear.

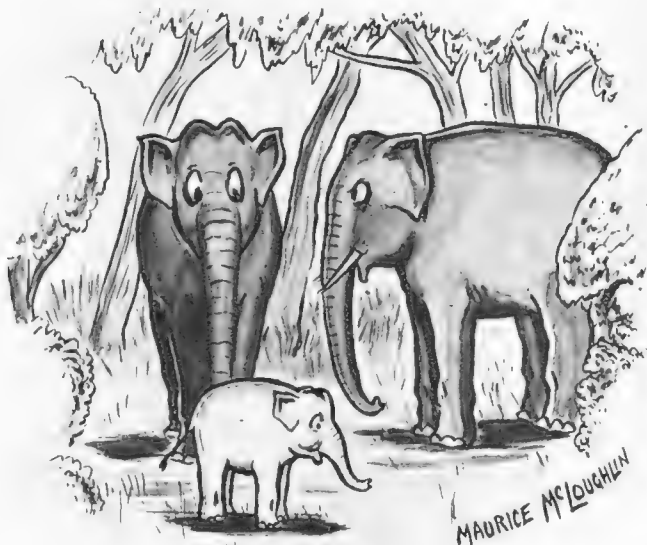
## Footnote

INDULGING in little light whimsy over a report that the bodies of Frederick the Great and Hindenburg have been removed to the same secret place in the Thuringian Forest, a chap seemed to think that in any argument between these two typical Boches, Frederick would win hands down. We doubt it.

Frederick was fond of orating and arguing; Hindenburg only spoke once a month. Girls engaged to County cricketers know what this means. At the beginning you see a typical fresh-faced dewy, innocent English Rose; not long afterwards you see a dazed, battered, leather "don't care" girl riding furiously to, and over, hounds and exchanging bitter insults with the Master. What has got her that way? Why those great wooden cricketing jaws opening once a month to emit a creaking sound—joy? sorrow? misery? ecstasy? Who knows?—and closing again. Similarly, with Frederick the Great, who like every Boche had a neurotic streak, and would therefore go to pieces more ignobly than any girl educated at Heathfield, Roedean, Cheltenham, or Wycombe.

Incidentally, hard women to hounds, if you've noticed, enjoy the conversation of foxhunters. Have you ever thought what a woman must have gone through to get into that state?

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Something tells me he's going to be a problem child"



# Two New Governors

## And Their Families



**Lady Norrie**

Lady Norrie, who has accompanied her husband to Australia, was before her marriage Miss Patricia Bainbridge. She has two children, and her husband has a son and a daughter by a former marriage

Photographs by  
Lenore and Hay  
Wrightson



**Lt.-Gen. Sir Willoughby Norrie**

Lt.-Gen. Sir Willoughby Norrie, K.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O., M.C., became Governor of South Australia in December. He served in the last war in the 11th Hussars, was four times wounded, and won the D.S.O. and the M.C. and Bar. In the present war he commanded the 30th Armoured Division in the Western Desert



**Lady Tait**

The wife of Vice-Admiral Sir Campbell Tait is a daughter of the late Capt. H. H. Grenfell, R.N. She and her husband have two daughters; the elder, Alberta, is a goddaughter of the King, and is married to Lt.-Cdr. F. E. Astley-Jones. The younger, Elizabeth, seen on this page, has been working at the Admiralty Civilian Staff



**Miss Elizabeth Tait**



**Vice-Admiral Sir Campbell Tait**

Vice-Admiral Sir Campbell Tait, K.C.B., C.B., M.V.O., was appointed Governor of Southern Rhodesia in November. He has had a distinguished career in this war and the last. He became A.D.C. to the King in 1938, Director of Personal Services in 1941, and a year later C-in-C, African Station





"Show me your teeth—  
no, don't take them out"

● Sid Field makes his second London appearance in *Strike It, Again*, the follow-up at the Prince of Wales's Theatre of George Black's earlier success, *Strike a New Note*. He has lost none of his charm—from the moment of his first appearance, once again as our old friend Slasher Green, he holds the house. As proof of his progress since his first appearance before a London audience, Sid presents "The Convict's Return," which is illustrated pictorially along the bottom of these two pages. Jerry Desmond introduces Sid's latest effort. "Ladies and gentlemen," he reads from Sid's script, "Slasher Green will present for the first time an entirely new sketch entitled 'The Convict's Return,' written by Slasher Green, scenery painted by Slasher Green, costumes executed by Slasher Green's Mum, and all the characters in the sketch played by Slasher Green except for the tart that helps me"

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

## Sid Field in Fine Form

Four Sketches from George Black's  
Latest, "Strike It Again"



"Did you make them yourself?"



"Be brave, my girl. One day Vernon's  
honour will be vindicated"



"The master's whisky is getting very low . . .  
there's two of us at it, you know"



"I've escaped"  
"But isn't that against the rules?"





"All we want is peace, perfect peace"



"Why don't you go away and play on the railway lines?"



"That's not much pong for durr song frong"



"Don't trifle with me; you know that I hold some very compromising letters you wrote"



"I'm disguised. I'm Detective-Inspector MacTavish"



"Bloodhounds have smelled him and I've smelled him too, coming up the passage"



# Fighter Pilots on Day-Bomber Escort

Officers of Two R.A.F.  
(Mustang) Wings :  
Portraits by Cuthbert Orde



**S/Ldr. J. Garden, D.F.C.**, from Aberdeen, took part in the 1942 sweeps. He has commanded his present Squadron since December, and went with it to Sicily and Italy



**S/Ldr. P. D. Thompson, D.F.C.**, took command of his present Squadron last year. He fought in the Battle of Britain, was later in Malta for a year and afterwards in the Western Desert, Tunisia, Sicily and Italy



**W/Cdr. J. A. Plagis, D.S.O., D.F.C.**, is a Rhodesian. He spent six months in Malta, destroyed eleven enemy aircraft and received immediate awards of the D.F.C. and Bar. Taking part in the D-Day operations, he destroyed another five aircraft and was awarded the D.S.O.



**S/Ldr. P. W. E. Heppell, D.F.C.**, fought in France in 1941, twice in Malta and for eight months in the Middle East. Wounded in 1943, he has commanded his present Squadron for the last year, operating over France, the Ruhr and the Low Countries



**F/Lt. ———**, often called the "Flying Dutchman," started the war in Holland against German paratroops. Escaping to England, he joined the R.A.F. in 1941. A very intrepid dive-bomber and ground-strafer, he is on his second operational tour



**W/Cdr. H. A. C. Bird-Wilson, D.S.O., D.F.C.**, now on his fourth tour of fighter operations, fought in France, at Dunkirk and in the Battle of Britain, took part in ground strafing over the Normandy beachhead and in Holland, and is now on bomber escort to the Ruhr



# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## Dreadnoughts

ONCE upon a time, in the warlike provinces of India, there used to be a fighting regiment they called "The Duromuts"—"Fear-Nots"—and to-day we have with us their blood brothers, who are called, incorrectly, according to my poor understanding, "The Commandos." A Commando is not an individual, but a body of men. The British Army first met this formation in the Boer War. Reckoned in cavalry strength, these Boer Commandos were between two and three squadrons, some probably even stronger; they were highly mobile, self-contained units of expert riflemen, who knew all about dismounted action. However, what's in a name when the fighting spirit is the same? The following short extract from a recent letter from one of these Happy Warriors is why I have suggested that "The Duromuts" and "The Commandos" spell the same thing: "Rode into the attack with some of our guys recently on top of the tanks (joining their guns as they tore across the open). Great fun, and not unlike a really fast run in the hunting field."

yet I love him; and so do any other survivors, who were very thankful to have been able to dine off him many years ago on the "Roof of the World." I was then a P.G. with a famous regiment, affectionately called "The Forty Thieves." We were all hungry; the altitude was something between 14,000 and 16,000 ft.: the poor Yak got no grazing, and never having learned how to eat out of a nose-bag, died in his thousands. The Pathan cooks collected a mule and a rope, and then we had a feast at which even Lucullus might not have turned up his fat nose—at least, we thought so at that moment.

## "Kalloo Kallay!"

MY watchful friend "M.B.R.A."—the letters stand for Mountain Battery, Royal Artillery—says that, after reading some of my recent notes on "The Road to Mandalay," he believes that the author of that ditty must have been in Burma at some time or other, by reason of what he wrote in *From Sea to Sea*, but my gunner friend adds that he agrees with what I said about Kipling's "geography"! He writes: "I have never quite made out what Kipling meant when he wrote 'On the Road to Mandalay.' He was not likely to have made a real geographical bloomer purposely, and I fancy he was thinking from the Calcutta end of the journey." This would not make Kipling's geography any better: the ships for Rangoon go on from there to Moulmein, much farther down the coast, and China is *not* "across the Bay," even from Calcutta. I fear that the poet must have been suffering from Burma Head when he indited his stirring lay, into which he introduces "a Burma gal a-sittin'" and singing "Kalloo Kallay!", a song which, personally, I have never heard. My friend adds that he notes that I do *not* like the Burma cheroot! I didn't, and I don't! He says that he would not call them a first-class smoke, but that they are all right when you get used to them, and so cheap (Rs. 2 and Re. 1·8 a hundred) that you could afford to throw away a bad one. They used to say in my time that these things were one of



## Meeting in Cairo

Marie Ney, playing in "Shakespeare's Women" in Cairo, had a visit from two actors who have appeared with her on the English stage: F/Lt. Richard Littledale and Lt. Richard Warner, both now acting in the E.N.S.A. show, "On Approval"

the predisposing causes of Burma Head—next stop the complete Magnoon!

## The Great Bell of Mingun

THIS bell is probably interesting the chaps in the Fourteenth Army, for Mingun is only about five miles up-river from Mandalay. It is said to be the biggest uncracked bell in the world; the biggest in the world being the one in the Kremlin, but that is cracked. It has been said about the Mingun bell that if you smote it with a stag's horn you "acquired merit"; so I hope more than ever that some of the gallant "Slimmers" have had a crack at it, not that any of them are in any need at all of any more "merit." I shall not be surprised to be told that the Japs have destroyed this great bell. Someone with a moment to spare might write and tell me. I hear, incidentally, that they have made Rangoon a cesspool.

(Concluded on page 244)

## Married in London

The marriage of Capt. James Henry Bowden, M.C., R.A., and Miss Teeny Aldous, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Aldous, of Athol House, College Road, Upper Norwood, took place at Holy Trinity, Brompton. The bridegroom served in the Western Desert and in Italy

If this isn't the Quintessence of Ginger, then I have yet to meet it!

## Yak 9.F.

IF someone, who has an intimate acquaintance with the mildest and most peaceful ox in the animal creation, may say so, this seems to be a peculiarly unhappy effort in nomenclature, for it has been bestowed upon the most sensationally venomous fighter of which the aerial world is cognisant. It may be, of course, that our wily Russian ally, with that mordant sense of humour for which he has become so justly famed, called this Vinegar Cat of the air a Yak by way of camouflage, and in the hope that even the dull-witted Teuton might eventually see the joke. The chance, I think, was a hazy one. Compared to a Yak, John Tenniel's tearful Mock Turtle is a bloody-minded tsaine, admittedly the most dangerous and unpleasant animal in all Jungle-land. The tsaine, or aurochs, is believed by many to be the lineal descendant of the Minotaur. The Yak is stupider than Mortimer Snerd, and has a mind even more vacuous than Mr. Punch's rustic, who preferred to think of "maistly nowt." And



## Oxford and Cambridge Soccer Captains

Albert Osakwe, from Lagos, Nigeria, at St. Peter's Hall, Oxford, is captaining the Dark Blues' Soccer side against Cambridge when the teams meet on February 24th. He is a lawn tennis Blue and is taking Chemistry for his B.Sc.



D. R. Stuart

William Davies, Fitzwilliam House, Cambridge's Soccer captain, led the Welsh Universities' team before coming to Cambridge, where he is reading for a Theological Degree, preparatory to taking Holy Orders next year



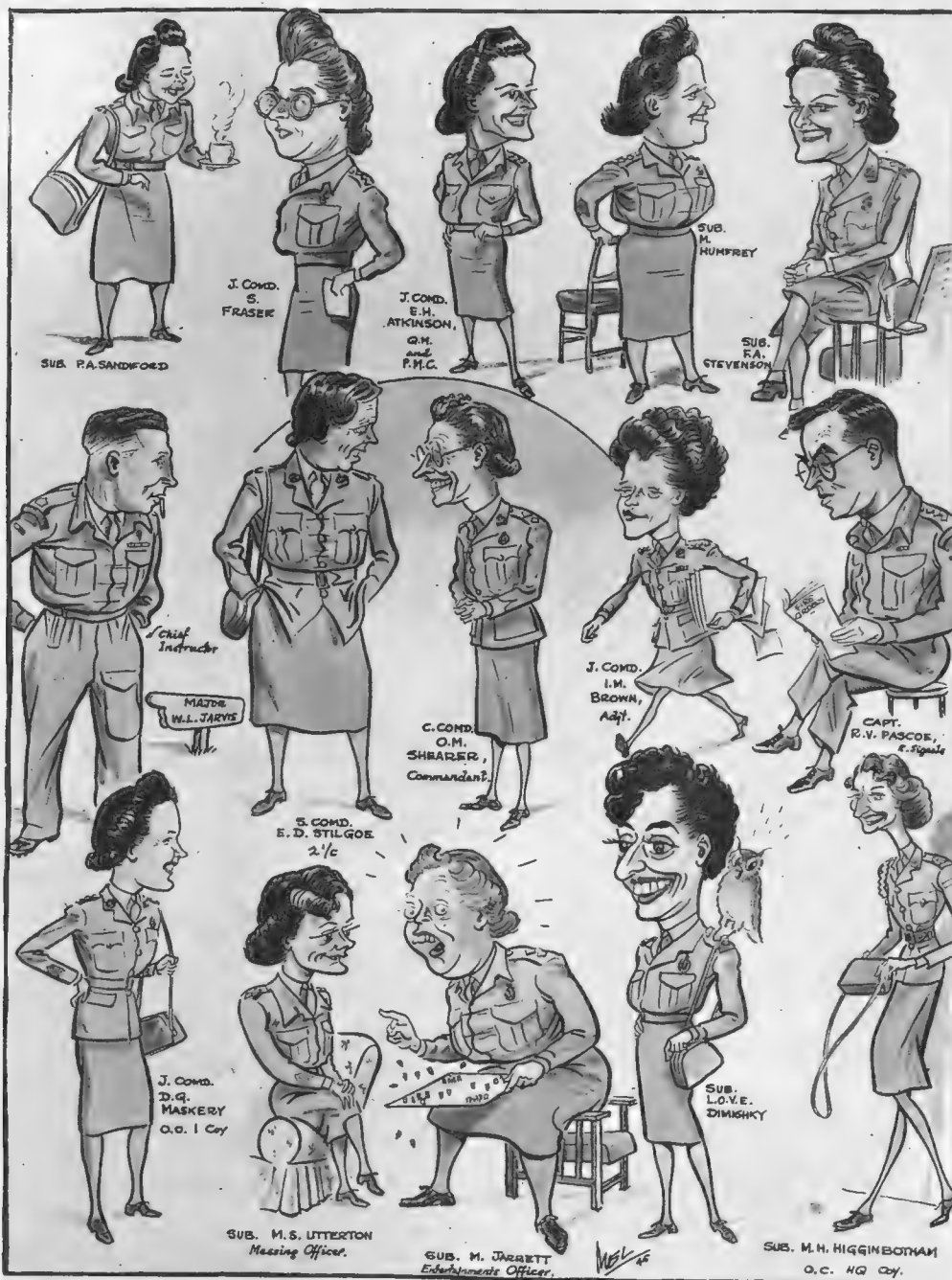


### School Rugger Match: Wellington v. Radley

D. R. Stuart

Wellington Rugger XV., which defeated Radley by 25 points to 3, had previously beaten Cranley, Beaumont and Eastbourne, and lost to Marlborough. On ground: G. C. Phipps, T. R. Buckley. Sitting: N. T. Bagnall, H. A. Rowland Price, J. Barlow, G. E. A. Playfair (captain), C. J. B. Ruck, W. R. Norman, I. W. Morley-Clarke. Standing: A. F. C. Wemyss, J. G. Stitt, Graystone, R. W. P. M. Francis, R. N. P. Reynolds, D. K. Turney

Radley, beaten by Wellington (when this photograph was taken), Cheltenham and Eastbourne, have defeated St. Edward's, Stowe and Downsides. On ground: D. Bennett, L. A. Napier. Sitting: R. C. Wheeler-Bennett, T. A. Buckney, H. C. Allen (secretary), D. L. Kirkconel (captain), M. J. Priestley, C. G. Burgess, J. V. Porter. Standing: R. M. Lindlar (touch judge), J. I. Corrie-Hill, R. M. S. Gibbons, S. A. Garner, B. H. Chamberlain, G. R. Mann, R. H. Lloyd



### An A.T.S. Signal School in Scotland: Caricatures by "Mel"

The A.T.S. Signal School was formed in 1940, and is now located in Edinburgh. Trainees are taught to operate teleprinters, wireless sets and telephone switchboards, and are trained in the handling of signal messages at all stages. The instruction in the school is given by an A.T.S. staff with the assistance of the Chief Instructor, Major W. L. Jarvis, Royal Signals. The Commandant, Chief Commander O. M. Shearer, A.T.S., was one of the first members of the A.T.S. to be taught signalling early on in the war, and the school flourishes under her very able guidance

## Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

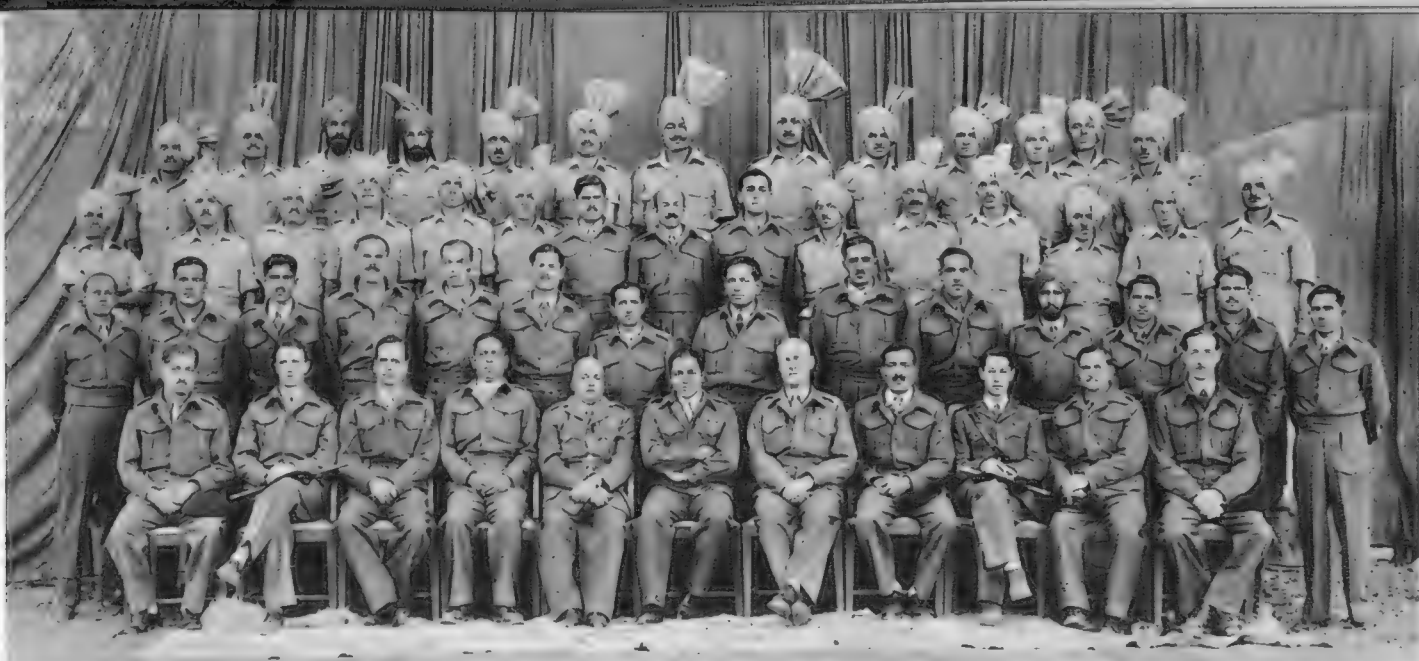
### More Burma

A GAIN referring to my recent notes of those way-back days, "M.B.R.A." says, vis-à-vis the appalling aromas: "Gnapi [that dreadful Burmese caviare which I mentioned, and the name of which I had forgotten. 'S.' is a bit smelly, but nothing to Durians at the height of their mercifully short season. They are so bad that they wake you up at the railway stations. I only tried one once! Never again." They could give a too-dead vulture a long start and a handsome beating. About the Rangoon pagodas, my learned friend reminds me that the smaller one was the Soolay. As to the great Shwé Dagôn, built about 600 B.C. and higher than St. Paul's, and, I think, also than St. Peter's, in Rome, my friend says that it is not only covered with gold leaf over the greater part of it, but that the great onion-shaped dome was covered with plates of solid gold. No wonder it shone in the sun! My friend says further that there seems to be some doubt as to what Shwé Dagôn really means, but that opinion is that it means "Golden Wood-Oiled Face," from some legend connected with its founding.

### Aden's Suicide Oysters

A PARENTLY it is no longer an act of suicide whilst of unsound mind to eat an Aden oyster, and here is the reason given me by someone who served there at the time when these things were highly dangerous, and now knows that they are harmless. He writes: "I can't say I cared much for Aden, though it had its points, one being that it was small enough to know everybody, but the climate is beastly and when it rains everything becomes a sticky paste. Luckily, it very rarely rains. Things have strange repercussions. Owing to the introduction of wireless, you can now, I am told, eat oysters from Telegraph Bay—a thing which was formerly equivalent to suicide. You see, in the old days the Eastern Telegraph Company had a big cable station there, with a staff of about sixty transmitting clerks. This meant the use of a lot of Daniel electric cells, which are filled with sulphate of copper which, when dead, was washed out in the bay. This copper sulphate was absorbed by the local oyster, who seemed to like it, but if you subsequently ate him—well, it was your funeral! Now they only employ about six clerks, and very little copper sulphate being required, the Bay oyster is harmless—or so I am told. You are right: Aden does look rather pretty, the Crater, or old town from the sea, or the top of Sham Sham, like so many cakes of icing sugar, but I don't recommend it as a residence, though I believe you can get out of it nowadays. In my days, you could go no farther than Sheikh Othman. Of course, the air chaps can fly all over Southern Arabia and the Hadramaut, and get up in the cool in no time."





*Officers of the 3rd Gwalior Lancers Photographed on the Occasion of a Visit from the Maharaja Scindia of Gwalior*

Front row: Capt. V. G. Rangnekar, Majors A. B. Preston, Brijraj Narain, S. R. Jagtap, Major-Gen. K. R. Rane, H.H. the Maharaja Scindia of Gwalior, Lt.-Col. F. Walton, Majors M. P. Walawalkar, F. Townsend, K. M. Joshi, Capt. W. Moore. Second row: Capt. S. R. Zhor, Lt. G. R. Bhonsle, Capt. B. N. Mudholkar, R. D. Sharma, Lt. N. R. Tembe, Major A. N. Ansari, Capt. Gaikwar, Capt. V. R. Lad, A.D.C., Lt. Rai Singh, Capt. M. R. Jagtap, Lts. Rachan Singh, Ahsanul Haq, J. W. Shirke, C. S. Chaple. Third row: Jems. N. W. Chauhan, Mubariq Huszain, A. K. Desai, Sultan Ahmed Khan, R. B. Bhargawa, Ris. B. B. Patil, Lt. Harnam Singh, Capt. B. Y. Bbonsle, Lt. V. Chitnis, Ris. T. R. Nikam, Jem. M. N. Ghurpade, Ris. Yusuf Hussain, Jems. S. R. Shinde, Naimul Haq, Lal Singh. Back row: Jem. Shivratn Singh, Ris. Kazim Hussain, Jems. Balbir Hussain, S. S. Gill, Khem Chand, R. M. G. N. Andhale, Ris. P. G. Mohite, Khalil Ahmed, Mustaq Ahmed, Hardev Singh, D. R. Patil, Matiullah Khan, Ris. P. N. Palwe

## On Active Service



*D. R. Stuart*

### *Officers of a Northern Naval Air Station*

Sitting: Cdr. (A) A. B. Lavy, R.N.V.R., Lt.-Cdr. G. D. Wyatt, R.N.V.R., Cdr. (A) E. Grahame Johnstone, D.S.C., R.N.V.R. (C.O.), Pay/Cdr. R. F. Pink, R.N., Lt.-Cdr. (A) H. J. Gibbs, R.C.N.V.R. Standing: Rev. H. Goulding, Chaplain, R.N., Major the Hon. C. Addison, Pay/Lt.-Cdr. J. White, R.N.V.R.

Right, front row: Rev. J. R. Lowe, S.C.F., Majors W. H. Wilson, R.E., G. M. Linzell, R.E., R. I. Shanks, R.E., Lt.-Col. A. E. Henson, C.R.E., Capt. W. B. Macmillan, R.E., Majors G. Fawcett, R.E., A. Vassilissin, R.E., L. O. Woodward, R.E. Second row: Lt. C. R. Canvin, Capt. P. F. Ransby, Lts. C. E. Donovan, R. E. Robinson, P. D. Osborn, F. M. P. Arbuthnot, J. Godfrey-Gilbert, D. M. Mayley, K. M. Curwen, J. Moore. Third row: Lt. J. Lindsay, Capt. J. H. C. Lamp, Lts. H. J. Robinson, H. A. Matthey, W. T. Lord, W. M. Wild, J. T. Murray, S. Strange, Capt. C. H. Partridge. Fourth row: Lt. A. A. Dixon, Capt. E. D. Brindley, Lts. C. W. Dayman, J. C. Walton, R. J. Mindham, W. B. Wilmshurst, J. O. Elkington, P. H. Rhodes, R. Blizard, D. Greenwood. Back row: Lts. E. E. Coldwell, P.C., W. K. H. Welwig, C. S. F. Newman, Capt. W. Lincoln, Lts. J. F. Hain, J. Quinn, P.C.



### *Officers of a Battalion of the Queen's Royal Regiment*

Front row: Majors N. Farrell, A. Blackman, R. Merrett, A. Watson, the Commanding Officer, Capt. J. Flint (Adj.), Major E. Clowes, Major R. Acheson, Capt. J. Finlay. Second row: Capt. J. Baker, S. Armstrong, C. Phillips, Rev. G. Pritt, Capt. J. Devine, J. Murdoch, Robertson, P. Swanson, D. Harrison, R.A.M.C., A. Miller, R.A.M.C. Third row: Lts. B. Tyler, G. Hicks, P. Kemp, P. Langran (Q.M.), A. Damery, Rev. ———, Lts. A. Milne, R. Wilkinson, Dunford, Hartland, G. Hughes. Back row: Lts. Glover, K. Douglas, K. Biddle, Hough, E. Rampton, Jeffrey, Capt. Miller, Lt. Morris, Capt. ———



### *C.R.E. and Officers of Fortress Engineers, Gibraltar*

# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## Not Very British

THE *ÆSTHETIC ADVENTURE*, by William Gaunt (Cape; 10s. 6d.), is a successor to *The Pre-Raphaelite Tragedy*. Or should one rather say that this second book complements the first? For both deal with the same century—the nineteenth—and with art-movements that (though from very different starts) ran counter to the century's main trend. Mr. Gaunt makes a due distinction between adventure and tragedy. Tragedy involves the major, direct emotions—and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood were knit together in an idealism that, whatever may seem its products, one feels bound to respect. The growing apart from each other of that young group, the divisions in aim, the defaultings from the idealism, really *did* (as the Pre-Raphaelite book so admirably showed us) constitute tragedy. There was something all-in about the Brotherhood. There was also something intensely British about it. Pre-Raphaelite painting may now seem remote or dowdy; but the Pre-Raphaelites, now their fire is spent, at least enjoy the prestige accorded to earnest persons.

Whereas the movement that is the subject of *The Æsthetic Adventure* tends still in our day, as in its own, to be regarded as a fantastic try-on. Its moving spirits may command the indulgence we feel for the playboys of yesterday. Their diabolism and their (apparent) frivolity, because they no longer shock, can no longer dazzle. The movement began in France; and its headquarters continued to be Paris. Of its outstanding protagonists in this country, Whistler, Moore and Wilde, the first was American, the two others Irish. English Swinburne recanted, under depressing circumstances, in Putney; and Pater's pallid existence in donnish rooms was baffling to those in search of "hard, gem-like flame." To be an Art-for-Art's-saker and a full-blooded Englishman was, apparently, quite impossible.

## Dandies

It seems wrong, in reviewing a book, to quote at the start from its final page. But Mr. Gaunt's "Conclusion" is a more comprehensive summing-up than I could offer.

What [he finally says] was the result of the æsthetic "adventure"? As the economists of the early nineteenth century had made political economy into a science with its own laws and invented the "economic man," so now the cultivation of "Art for Art's sake" had produced "the æsthetic man."

The "æsthetic man" recognised no duties; pursued no interests, save those of art, just as the "economic man" was actuated solely by profit.

He was indifferent to religion, morality, education, political principle or social improvement.

He was an unexpected abnormality arising from the system of the division of labour, a form of over-specialisation.

Thus the æsthetic movement was fundamentally selfish. Perhaps it was necessarily so. Only, it seemed, by a determined egotism could the precious grain of beauty be separated from the common substance in which it lay concealed.

It was opposed and offensive to Victorian idealism. The essence of that idealism was social service. . . .

It had some of the character of a witty play, a comedy performed by highly-accomplished actors who wrote (very brilliantly) their own words; who also created situations, merely by virtue of their personality, in which there was a comedy they had not intended or foreseen. It is this quality which Max Beerbohm, so elegantly a part of and yet so detached from the eighteen-nineties, has preserved, in Post-Victorian retrospect, in drawings which distil the humour incidental to the rarefied existence of genius, implicit in the meeting of the gay Whistler and the solemn Carlyle, in Wilde's ecstatic explanations of Botticelli to American mining camps, in Verlaine's Sunday walks, as French master, with his pupils at an English school.

The movement was never popular in Britain.

Demonstrably—and how entertaining, in Mr. Gaunt's hands, is the demonstration—it was not. Popularity was not the æsthete's aim. These fanatical dandies flapped a succession of red rags at the large, originally apathetic and even mild, bull of British middle-class public opinion. This was particularly annoying, as the British public really and truly believed that it liked art. For some time it had been keeping



Dorothy Wilding, Ronald Cartland's biography of her brother, Ronald Cartland, M.P., killed in France in 1940, has just been republished. It has a preface by the Prime Minister. Miss Cartland recently presented Mrs. Churchill's Aid to Russia Fund with £105, proceeds of a pamphlet of her brother's speeches entitled "The Common Problem." In private life she is Junior Commander Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale, Welfare Officer to the Service in Bedfordshire, and County Cadet Officer of the St. John Ambulance Brigade.

Royal Academicians going by paying high prices for really nice pictures—the stag, the sunset,

the picture—that-told-a-story. You might say, for instance, that nobody bought a sideboard without also buying an oil-painting, almost as large and certainly still more shiny, to hang over it. Sons of Victorian families, who showed promise, had been permitted to study art in Paris, where they led clean lives, kept fit by physical jerks, fried their own chops and drank imported British beer. It was therefore particularly wounding to have it suggested that one did not like beauty—no, did not even know what it was.

It was, of course, just this beaming complacency that goaded the æsthete in England into their extreme position. (In France, things were, according to how you saw them, either worse or better: the French middle-class public was less high-minded; it did not even imagine it liked art, and even the shiniest pictures fetched low prices.)

## 'Eighties, and 'Nineties

YES, *The Æsthetic Adventure* is a comedy—and, like any really good comedy, it shows fairness to both sides. Mr. Gaunt buffoons neither the public nor his æsthete-adventurers. He does, I think, show that the movement accomplished more in France than here—partly because its French protagonists—Gautier, Baudelaire, Verlaine—were men of outstanding genius (now accorded their place in the "regular" literary history of France); partly

(Concluded on page 248)

# CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

I SUPPOSE most of us have told ourselves and everyone else what we

intend to do the day Victory is declared. But I don't suppose many of us will do it. I myself at the moment have decided that I will stand on my head in the middle of Piccadilly and extend my legs in the V-sign—if it be the last thing I ever do! On the other hand, I shall be quite prepared to go straight to bed and cry myself to sleep. Like lots of other people, the relief will stun me. Even if I find myself in the vicinity, I don't think I shall go near Piccadilly. I remember only too well what it looked like when the last War-to-end-War struck many of us strident. The night a nightmare from the screams and yells of those who had made a "good thing" out of it; the pavements and restaurants crammed with Black Marketeers celebrating nauseatingly. A sickening spectacle. I longed to get away among the quiet hills, but I spent the long evening among the wounded still in hospital—each one of whom never felt so out of it as when he should have been the centre of it all. As the raucous laughter and the feminine screams ascended from the pavement below, I could gladly have dropped a bomb—which, you will grant, wasn't at all an Armistice Night feeling; but I felt like that just the same.

In the cheerful quiet of the hospital ward, the spirit of Peace-at-long-last was, as it should be, a solemn spirit; at once infinitely happy and immeasurably sad. It was not a booze-up. That came, if it came at all, much later. At the moment, there were too many memories haunting suddenly too many minds; memories of pals, of indescribable hardships shared equally, of suffering and joy, of friendship about which only the friends knew, of

self-sacrifice and heroism which never had their chronicler—except in the memory of those who were there. In the hospital, I felt strangely purified, in the streets—besmirched.

Strange how very few people seem able to contact the spirit of the fighting men when the fighting is over. They will cheer them with the loudest; they will pour spirits down their throats—if they can get them. They will hang out garlands, kiss them and pat them boisterously on the back. And the soldier will submit smiling, entering into the fun with zest. And yet he will still feel alone among the noisy throng. In some indefinable way, he feels himself to be a stranger. A happy stranger, and yet bewildered. And not nearly so happy as he may look, or want to believe himself to be. The hysterical crowd imagine they are welcoming back the man they once knew. Yet he is not the same man—and instinctively he knows it. He cannot say where the alteration is—except that no man can go through what he has been through, see what he has seen, endured what he has endured, seen the vision, both terrible and sublime, of which even an unthinking man catches a glimpse, and still remain the same individual.

If anything, he needs help, not hysteria; friendship and not flags. Without them he feels alien. His spirit doesn't pine for any Brand New World; only for the Old One, where something of the waste of the last years can be made up to him. Above all, he wants to face up to a future of lasting peace for himself and for his children's children. And no mucking up of the fruits of his sacrifice and the sacrifices of his comrades-in-arms by Big Business and politicians.



# Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"

Review of Weddings



Ingr — Moxon

The marriage of Cadet Officer Jiri Ingr, younger son of Lt.-Gen. Sergei Ingr, Commander-in-Chief of the Czech Forces, and Miss Patricia Nadeja Moxon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Moxon, took place at St. James's Church, Spanish Place

Vaughan — Fortune

Lt.-Col. C. P. Vaughan, Welsh Guards and Royal West African Frontier Force, elder son of the late Lt.-Col. P. E. Vaughan and Mrs. Vaughan, of Mogador Lodge, near Tadworth, Surrey, married Miss Jean A. Fortune, younger daughter of Major-Gen. Victor M. Fortune (prisoner of war) and Mrs. Fortune, of Bengairw Castle, Douglas, Scotland, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Osborne — Scott

Lt.-Col. Arthur S. Osborne, U.S.A.A.F., and Miss Margaret Melrose (Peggy) Scott, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. H. Scott, of Tindon End, Saffron Walden, Essex, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square



Sarsfield — Kindersley

Lt. Dominick M. Sarsfield, Irish Guards, eldest son of Col. and Mrs. T. H. Sarsfield, of Fairy Hill, Mallow, Co. Cork, married Miss Ginette Kindersley, younger daughter of Brig. the Hon. H. K. M. and Mrs. Kindersley, of Ramhurst Manor, Tonbridge, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Fabricius — Campbell

Left: Lt. Anthony Charles Fabricius, R.N.V.R., only son of Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Fabricius, of Fencourt, Gerrard's Cross, and Miss Brenda Mary Campbell, youngest daughter of the late Edmund Campbell, of Durban, South Africa, and Mrs. Campbell, were married at Rondebosch, Cape Province

## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 235)

evening Miss Hulbert cut a lovely iced birthday-cake, with eighteen candles on it. Mrs. Hulbert, wearing a long dress of midnight-blue velvet, received her guests at the top of the stairs. Although most of the young men present were in uniform, the girls were all in long evening dresses, some really fluffy and reminiscent of pre-war parties. The heroine of the evening looked enchanting in a lovely white net dress, with a camelia in her hair. The Hon. Katherine Bruce, Lord and Lady Balfour of Burleigh's second daughter, danced round with Mr. Andrew Orr, who has recently been invalided out of the Scots Guards; Miss Gill Benson, Lady Morvyth Benson's elder girl, who has inherited the family good looks, was partnering Viscount Cross, who is in the Scots Guards; and Mr. Paul Methuen, who is in the same regiment and is a nephew of Mrs. Hulbert, was dancing with pretty Miss Elizabeth Richmond. Lady Elizabeth Lambart, the Earl and Countess of Cavan's elder girl, chatted to Mr. David Gurney; Lord Mount Charles, the Marquess of Conyngham's son and heir, who is in the Coldstream Guards, partnered his young hostess, Miss Jill Hulbert, in a waltz; and Major Mackenzie, who is in a Canadian Scottish regiment, was a striking figure in his kilt, dancing with Miss Judy Ritchie. Major Mackenzie had only returned on leave from the B.L.A. the previous day and was thoroughly enjoying this very good party.

## Among the Dancers

MR. AND MRS. HULBERT'S younger daughter, Jacqueline, who is only twelve, was allowed to stay up for the party, and had her great friend Sally Howes, the fourteen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bobby Howes, to share the fun. Other young people I saw dancing were Mr. David Keith, Miss Shirley Clark (daughter of Lesley Storm),



In the Foyer of St. James's Theatre

Swaebe

Among the first-night audience who came to see Anna Neagle in the name-part of "Emma" were Sir Louis and Lady Sterling and Lt.-Cdr. and Mrs. Stuart Robertson; Lt.-Cdr. Robertson, R.C.N., one of Anna Neagle's brothers, is well known as a singer and broadcaster. He is C.O. of the Executive Staff responsible for "Meet the Navy," the very bright Royal Canadian Navy show now at the London Hippodrome

Mr. Peter Howes, Miss Elizabeth Batten, and Mr. Nigel Mitchison and Mr. George Myrddin-Evans, who are both in the Coldstream Guards. Amongst Mr. and Mrs. Hulbert's older friends who came in during the evening were Air Vice-Marshal Sir Victor Tait, Major John Worton, Major Dunn-Yarker, and, of course, Mr. Hulbert's brother Jack and his wife, better known as Miss Cicely Courtneidge, and their daughter Pamela. Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Ben Lyon came in on their way to Oxford, and Bobby Howes joined his wife at the party after appearing in the last performance of the pantomime *Cinderella* at the Winter Garden Theatre. Mrs. John Steele, who looked very pretty in black, came with her husband.

## Welcome Party

THE two charming young daughters of the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Marie-Adelaide, arrived at the Allies Welcome Committee cocktail party very unobtrusively, and stood quietly at one side while Sir Jocelyn Lucas was making his usual speech of welcome to the guest of honour—this time Lord Cranborne, who came with his attractive and popular wife. It was a crowded assembly: the Duchess of Devonshire (whose work for the Empire is well illustrated by her chairmanship of the Victoria League) was there; Lady Portal (just back from a visit to Paris); Lord and Lady Trenchard; Lord Fermoy, who escorted Mrs. Littlejohn Cook; Lady Brabourne (chatting with Mrs. Corrigan), and Sir John and Lady Power, conversing with the Belgian Ambassador, whose Government has taken their Belgrave Square house for the duration.

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 246)

because æstheticism had, across the Channel, a genuine psychological source. It was the first light lit in the dispiriting darkness that followed Napoleon's defeat; it was the assertion of aristocratic values against a general, deadening, bourgeois levelling-down. The artist felt himself to be—and perhaps was—the sole aristocrat of a century rapidly greying-over with industrialism. As for the English æsthete, he had to cross the Channel for his revivers.

None the less, æstheticism in England did, for more than a decade triumphantly catch on. It captured and named the 'eighties Du Maurier's *Punch* drawings and Gilbert and Sullivan's *Patience* proclaimed, while they mocked, its success with the world of fashion. And the "Naughty 'Nineties," in their turn, were a not-unfitting backdrop for ferocious wits and flamboyant dandies—till reaction, panic, set in at Oscar Wilde's fall. Mr. Gaunt's study of Wilde seems to me admirable: he does justice to the sombre, obstinate courage with which the once-exotic Irishman faced disaster—one might say, in fact, that nothing in Wilde's success became him like the leaving of it. And equally must one praise Mr. Gaunt's Whistler, and account of the Whistler-Ruskin trial (which should be read by those who wish to be "fair" to art). *The Æsthetic Adventure* closes with Roger Fry, and his—as it proved, hazardous—introduction of the Post-Impressionists into England.

## Arnhem

"ARNHEM LIFT: THE DIARY OF A GLIDER PILOT" (Pilot Press; 5s.) is a magnificent, vivid, direct piece of war writing. In fact, to me it ceased to be writing at all—everything that the anonymous author described seemed to be happening to myself. It would be presumptuous to suggest that any civilian could feel he or she had "been through" Arnhem—but this book could almost give one the illusion that one had. (It was, incidentally, written—as alternative to telling the story over and over again by word of mouth—for private circulation among the author's friends: it is dedicated, by implication, to the friends and relations of men who did not come back.) "I had been away," says the pilot, on his return to England, "twelve days. It seemed like one day, or a lifetime."

No battle, no occupation of a position, can, I suppose, ever have been stranger. The silent advances through the woods, the nervous cracklings and shoutings by which Germans always intimidated their presence, the life-or-death decisions that had to be made in a flash, the dreamlike, high tension of the occupation of the row of houses that had been pleasant Dutch homes, the dreaded sound of the German S.P. gun drawing, once more, into position to rake the houses with fire, the Piat gun mounted on the maid's feather-bed in the attic, the withdrawal, ultimately, following the tape across the meadow, the swimming of the Rhine—all these exceed imagination. And the pilot's summing-up, as he lies in bed in England at the end of the twelve days, is as important, as part of heroic history, as anything else in *Arnhem Lift*.

## "Almost Inoffensive"

"I REALLY think Poppet looks almost inoffensive asleep," says Barbara Blair to her cousin, Alistair, who has come with her to fetch the gin from the nursery. "Or is that just a mother's impartiality?" "Asleep or not, she's up to no good," says Alistair. "She's probably dreaming about us."

So opens Bridget Chetwynd's *Sleeping and Waking* (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.), a novel in which the dream-life of the dire Poppet alternates with the daytime adventures of herself and her elders—Barbara Alistair and Pansy, Barbara's friend. The idea is brilliant, and its carrying-out successful—except, as far as I was concerned, that having become involved, as I never fail to do, with the actual destinies of Miss Chetwynd's characters, I was sometimes loth to quit them for the dream-world. In this, however, they do (as Alistair had suspected) play lively roles, supported by an otherwise mythological cast; and more, their behaviour in Poppet's dreams is seldom out of accord with their waking characters. Had the late Freud devoted time to this novel, I do not quite know what he would have made of it.

The inconsequence of life in a London flat in wartime, even by the most unimpassioned light of day, has, as Miss Chetwynd perceives, always something dreamlike about it. Barbara's flat, I may state, is practically run by Poppet, who is at least less savage than when I last met her in *Hay, Then*. I was delighted to re-encounter Barbara, and I fell flat for Pansy, with her "rocking-horse" beauty.

## Heiress at Bay

THE new M. G. Eberhart, *Unidentified Woman* (Crime Club; 8s. 6d.), presents a charming young heiress, Victoria Steane, placed in an ugly predicament by a succession of murders around her home—a modern but pleasing mansion on the Sebastian River. When the story opens, one inconvenient person has already been found drowned, and, although "suicide" had been at last the finding, Victoria feels she has little reason to thank John Campbell—the District Attorney, now in the Army, but still stationed at a neighbouring camp. Campbell's attitude to the ensuing murders is cryptic. Mrs. Eberhart's characters are, as ever, attractive. This tale is exciting: I recommend it.





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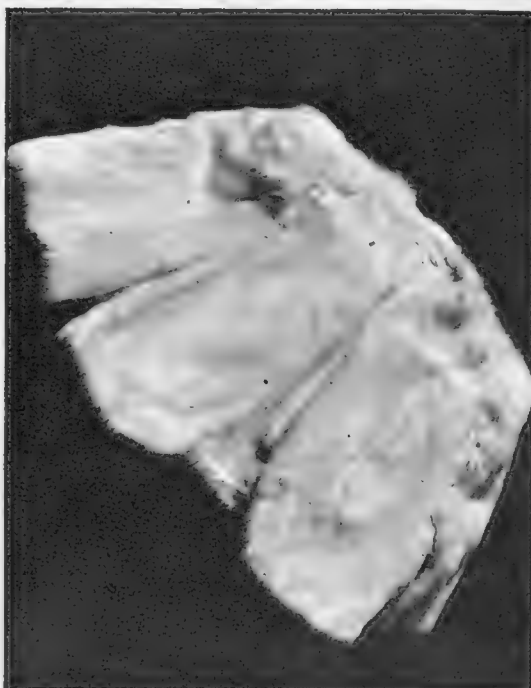
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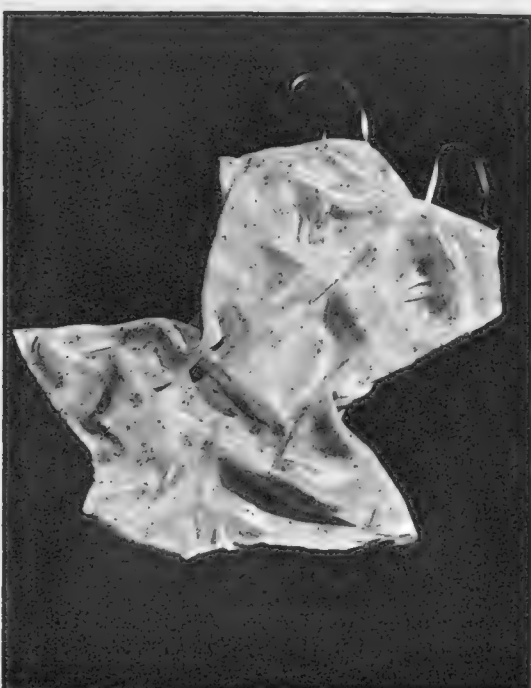
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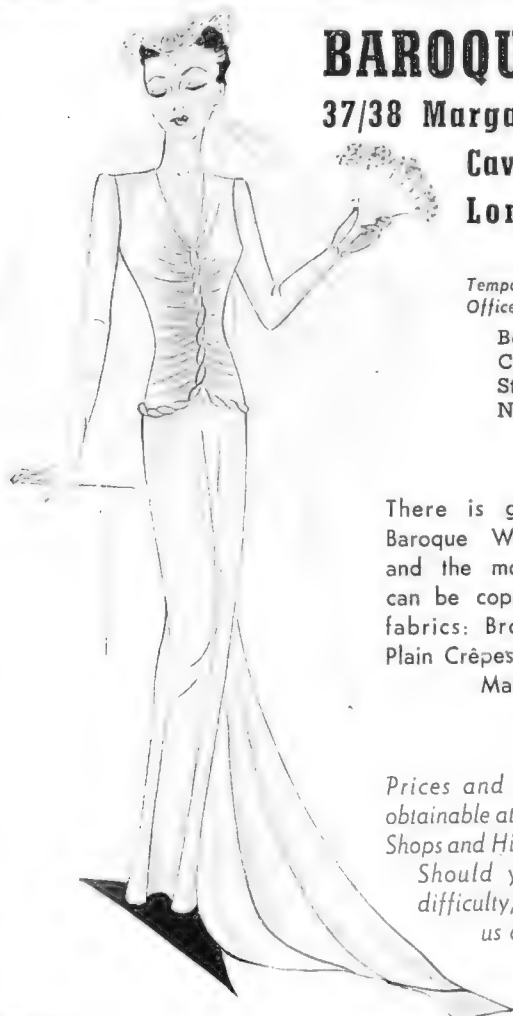
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# BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

A FLOTILLA of motor launches had been trained for the job of patrol on the Rhine. Their training included a course of behaviour towards the German population. At the conclusion of their course the men were inspected by the Commander-in-Chief, Coastal Forces.

"You are sitting in a railway carriage in Germany," he said to a rating. "You take out a packet of cigarettes. A German sitting opposite you offers you a light. What do you do?"

"I refuse it, sir," replied the rating.

"No," said the C-in-C. "You are wrong. You ignore it."

He turned to the next sailor.

"You are quartermaster on watch at night," he said. "You are tied up to a wharf on the Rhine. You see a figure crawling towards the ship. What do you do?"

The man looked him straight in the eye, and without a flicker, replied: "I 'elps the commanding officer aboard, sir."

AN Arkansas woman advertised for a husband. She got one at a cost of nine hundred dollars. He enlisted in the U.S. Army and was killed. She got three thousand dollars insurance and a widow's pension for the rest of her life.

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"I GOT my start in life through picking up a pin in the street," said the successful man. "I was refused employment by a merchant, and on my way out I saw a pin. I——"

"Yes, I know," said the young man he was addressing, "you picked it up; the merchant was impressed by your carefulness, called you back, and made you head of the firm. I have heard of that boy so often."

"No," replied the successful one with a smile. "I saw the pin, picked it up and sold it. It was a diamond one."

IN the good old days, a king and queen were so fond of their court jester that they often had him as their sole dinner guest. On one such occasion, the jester asserted: "An apology can be worse than an insult."

"Either you prove that," remarked the royal host, "or I'll have you beheaded."

After dinner, his Royal Highness leaned over to pet his spaniel. Wham! The jester landed a lusty kick on the royal pants, then quickly cried: "Pardon me, Sire, I thought you were the Queen!"

A GROUP of hunters were walking through the Kentucky foothills when they came upon the body of a farmer. At the next farmhouse they made inquiry about the identity of the man. They were told that their description fitted Lum Black, who lived up the road. At the next house they questioned Lum Black. The mountaineer asked:

"Did he have on a lumber-jacket?"

"Yes."

"Corduroy pants?"

"Yes, he wore corduroy pants."

"Wal, did he have on boots?"

"Yes."

"Knee boots or hip boots?" persisted the man.

"Knee boots."

"Nope, then t'waren't me. Always wear hip boots."



"Quality Street" has been revived at the newly re-opened Embassy Theatre at Swiss Cottage. Geoffrey Toone appears as the dashing Valentine Brown, Linden Travers as Miss Phæbe, and Jean Forbes-Robertson as Miss Susan. Directors of the theatre are Anthony Hawtrey, his wife, Marjory Clark, and André Van Gysegem. After the run of "Quality Street" they plan to revert to the Embassy's former policy of putting on new plays, and many interesting productions are promised in the near future.

ON a French-owned island of the Solomons group, the U.S. Army chopped down a number of palm trees to build an airfield. The Frenchmen promptly submitted a bill for damages for exactly twice the number of trees destroyed. Asked why, they pointed out that coconut palms are said to be either male or female, and added: "So for every palm tree cut down, Messieurs, another dies of a broken heart!"

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# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

## French Air

FRENCH aviation used to excel in the creation of pilots' aeroplanes; aircraft that delighted the eye, made no concessions to the vulgar utilities and were sleek, delicate and (sometimes) dangerous. But I see from M. André Labarthe, writing in his brilliant and intensely interesting review *La France Libre*, that he believes that France ought in the future to try its hand at the kind of giant production that the Americans do so well. He writes persuasively, but when I look back on the French aeroplanes I have known and flown and on the French aeroplanes that have made history, I wonder if he is right. Does the French genius fit the methods of mass production? I imagine that that little Caudron, of relatively low power, which went to America not long before the war and, competing against those all-engine and no-wings racers the Americans favour, walked away with all the important speed prizes, was a poor production job. But no aeroplane ever looked nicer or made pilots want to fly it so much.

## Cars

IT was rather the same with motor cars. It is true that the front-drive Citroën is not only the most advanced of the pre-war practical designs but also a vehicle capable of large-scale production. But generally elegance and craftsmanship for its own sake, were the outstanding characteristics of the French motor car. There were some Delages—I forget which ones now—which had an individual smartness, mechanical and representational, which was attained by no large scale, series produced machine.

Now it may be, as M. Labarthe seems to think, that only those motor cars and aeroplanes which are mass produced will be capable of surviving after the war. Perhaps we are in for a period when the individual touch in the making of these kinds of vehicle must disappear. But if so I do not think that either France or Britain will be able to stand up to America in any ordinary, fair competitive field. Britain has something she can build into her motor cars and aeroplanes which

makes them British: France has something she can build into her motor cars and aeroplanes which makes them French. But those things are not to be found in the processes of mass production.

I know that Britain has done much to learn how to mass produce. She has been compelled to learn by wars, commercial as well as military. I know that the mass production of some commodities must go on. But I do not think that we can expect to make our name in the world markets on our feats of mass production. People will not buy British goods because they are cheaper than others. Similarly I doubt if people will buy French goods because they are cheaper than others. But I am sure they will buy them if they are characteristically French. I look to France—as do many English people now—as the one country that may be able to re-establish the value of the individual and to offer an alternative to the otherwise almost universal movement towards the State as the only value.

## State-Owned

EXACTLY how much of France's backwardness in aircraft design and production just before the war was the result of the nationalization of the French aircraft industry it is difficult to say. There was a synchronization of the decline of French aviation and the taking over of the famous aircraft companies by the State, but whether the two were connected or not I do not know. At any rate the names of Blériot, Caudron, Morane, Voisin, Deperdussin, Nieuport and others are not State names though they are great names. Many of those now holding senior ranks in the Royal Air Force fought their 1914-1918 battles in French aircraft, and most of them used French aero-engines at some time in their career.

The great French aero-engine names were Renault,



Major N. F. Harrison is the only member of the South African Air Force to command an R.A.F. Spitfire Squadron of fighters. He recently arrived in this country from the Western Desert where he took part in operations over Malta and later in the air operations of the invasion of Sicily and Italy

Gnome and Le Rhône. There was also the remarkable Mono-soupape or single-valve engine which was really a Gnome. I flew them all and although I stayed on in the Royal Air Force long enough to try many more modern engines, I look back on the 80 horsepower Le Rhône as one of the great engines of all time. It was sharply and characteristically French. Built like a jewel, it was almost incredibly delicate in construction; yet so sound was the design that it was as tough as any engine ever made. The Mono-soupape was a major brain-wave. It was the simplest aero-engine ever made and, up to its time, the lightest. It was a rotary and raw petrol was squirted into the crank-case where it was churned round and then flung out to the cylinders, entering the combustion chambers as the pistons came down and unclosed apertures. Air came in and exhaust went out through the single, huge valve in the head. The valve opened to let out the exhaust gases very early, so that they went out with a tremendous woof. I doubt if anybody could have invented and produced the Mono-soupape and I am sure no one could have invented and produced the Le Rhône other than a Frenchman. I would like to see that side of the French aviation genius under full development.

## Soviet Air

IT is very remarkable that in the great Russian offensive so little seems to have been done by aircraft. The official Soviet reports mentioned that the main offensive opened without much air support owing to bad weather; but after that there was little said about any large aerial operations. Generally speaking it seems that the Russians use their air force almost entirely as a part of a total land-air fighting force and—since Finland—never independently.



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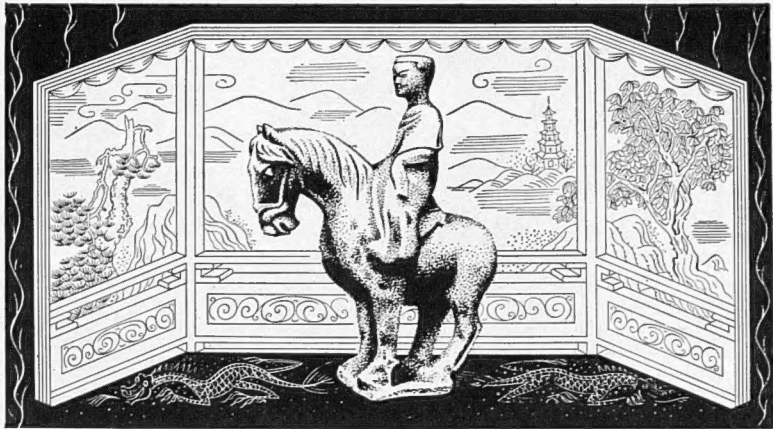


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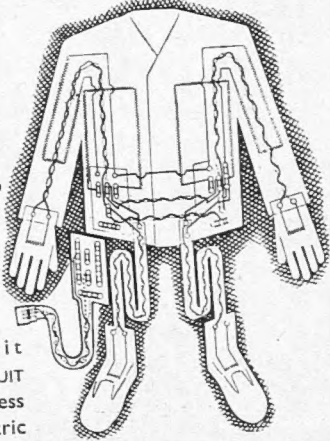
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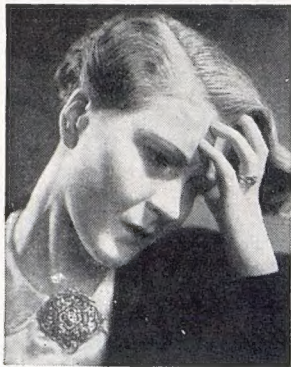
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